



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

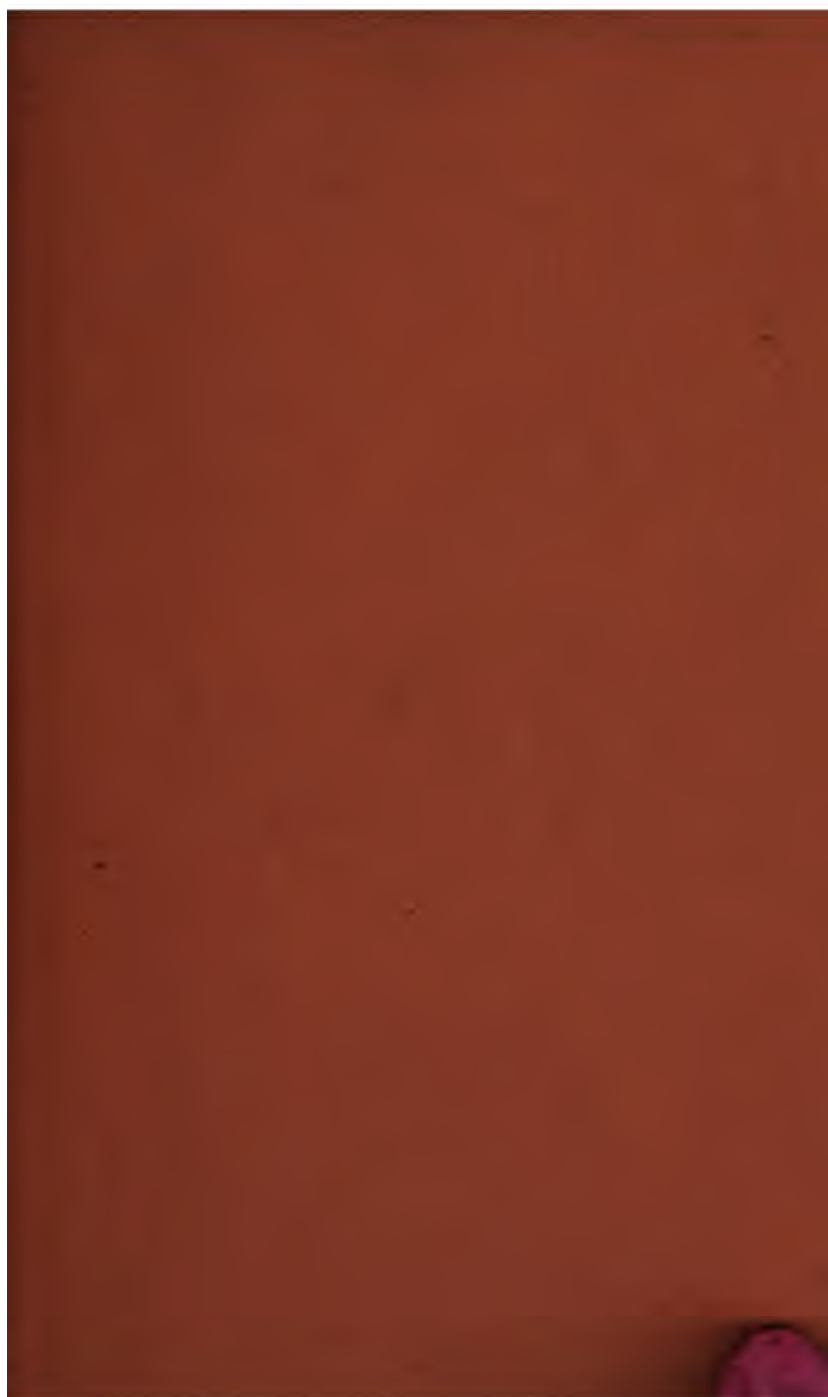
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600082718W





FUGITIVE POEMS.

BY

CHRISTIANA VICTORIA CAIRNS.



London:

PRINTED BY JONES AND CAUSTON,

47, EASTCHEAP, AND 14, PUDDING LANE.

1860.

280. q. 36.



INTRODUCTION.

I ASK no fadeless wreath to deck my brow,
No smiling muse gay fictions to inspire ;
But, oh ! beam brightly on this book, fair Truth,
And deign to tune a suppliant Christian's lyre.
So may this humble effort give me joy,
When Death delays to strike, yet hovers near—
When earthly vanity withdraws to rest,
Subdued by heavenly love and heavenly fear.

C. V. C.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

HUMILITY.

I LOVE, Humility, thy voice to hear
In pious pray'r ; it lifts my soul to heav'n ;
It softly breathes of hope, of godly fear,
Of faith in Christ—to be through Him forgiv'n.
Ah ! who before their God could e'er appear,
Unless, Humility, by thee upheld ?—
Unless a kind Redeemer's watchful care
The woes of sinners pitied, and beheld ?
Come, now, Humility, with look sedate,
Attend my footsteps wheresoe'er I go,
Repress my ardent soul when too elate ;
Teach me, Humility, " myself to know,"
To cherish virtue, e'en in low estate,
And own a kindred in each child of woe !

WISDOM SOUGHT AND FOUND.

WHERE shall I find her? Where doth Wisdom dwell?

In halls, in schools, where learning's sons repair;
Where knowledge sits enthron'd, and argues well

On deeds sublime, on worlds beyond our sphere?
Or shall I find her wrapt in gloomy mood,

Remote from social joys, from converse sweet,
And scowling 'neath the cloister'd monk's dark hood,

Or where gay pleasure's giddy vot'ries meet?
'Midst camps, 'midst courts—say, shall I seek her—say,

'Midst rural scenes, where virtue often dwells?
Haply, I've found her, where devout men pray;—

She loves to follow the church-going bells,
And near the oracle of God to stay,
In crowded cities or in lonely dells.

ON DEVOTION.

PROSTRATE, my God, to Thee I fall,

In deep contrition for my sin;
The world may good, may holy call,

While sinners dread Thy glance within.

Then cleanse, O God, my ev'ry thought,
Oh, purify my heart and mind,
Impress the faith my Saviour taught,
That in Him I may comfort find.

While yet the pulse of life beats strong—
Whilst energy my bosom fires—
Let me devote to Thee my song,
The humble lay which love inspires.

And oft when Thy bright sunshine glows,
And oft in night's dark silent hour,
May my calm thoughts on Thee repose,
And secret aspirations own Thy power.

Amidst the busy world, oh guide
Thy humble servant in Thy ways ;
Teach me to shun the paths of pride,
And in devotion pure to pass my days.

OMNIPRESENCE.

To me, O God ! Thy presence is confess'd,
When sweeping wint'ry winds around me blow,
When earth is barren, seamen are distress'd,
And all the elements their fury show.

Then, in the deep and hollow sounding storm,
My conscience tells me Thou, O God, art near ;
And some faint image of Thy pow'r I form,
Whilst ocean's billows, raging, meet my ear.

Yes, when Thy awful threat'ning thunder rolls,
When lightning's vivid flash to me appears,
Faith in Thy promis'd mercy fear controls,
Checks all complaint, and my sad bosom cheers.

How diff'rent when the still and glassy wave
Reflects the snowy sail which o'er it glides,
While zephyrs whisper, sea birds sportive lave,
And eve's mild sunset o'er the scene presides.

Then, too, in quiet meditation found,
My humble spirit shall adore Thy power,
Whether Thy storm terrific shake the ground,
Or nature's calm doth cheer the passing hour.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD.

"TRUST thou in God ! in His salvation trust !—
Trust thou in God !" th' inspir'd prophet cried ;
For He hath laid the scorner in the dust,
Whose haughty spirit God's commands defied.

Lean not upon a broken staff or reed,
Boast not thyself—in God alone delight,
From His atoning cross, thy joys proceed,
“ His yoke is easy, and His burden light !”

Lift up thine eyes to heav’n’s high concave—lift !
And there behold His bright eternal throne ;
Look down on earth—his footstool ! look and list,
The Lord hath said “ Creation’s mine alone !”

Where is God’s temple, where His place of rest ?
Hearken ! repentant sinners, to your God ;
“ My temple is the contrite humble breast—
The chasten’d soul that bows beneath my rod.”

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

FRIEND of my youth ! whose precepts led my mind
To rev’rence my Creator’s holy laws,
Who taught me poverty’s abode to find,
Where modest worth from pride and scorn withdraws.

To thee, my dear departed friend, I owe
Much of the comfort life to me has given ;
For oftimes when assail’d by earthly woe
Thy pious lessons drew my thoughts to Heaven !

And when the follies of the giddy throng,
Allur'd me with false pleasure's syren voice ;
When my soul waver'd 'tween the right or wrong,
Thine own bless'd spirit did decide my choice.

Alas ! my early friend, thy spirit's fled !
Nor could it wander, linger, here below ;
But to celestial realms it doubtless sped,
There, freed from earth, angelic bliss to know !

Thy terrors, Death ! my much lov'd friend has pass'd—
His corse is laid beneath the Western Main ;
Ah ! who can tell when we may breathe our last ?
The when—the where—should be to us the same.

Yet still some mortal doubt, some mortal fear,
Disturbs our soul with Death's dark mystery ;
But if the hallow'd " Shield of Faith " we bear—
Then, Death ! where is thy sting ? thy victory ?

FOR PURITY OF HEART AND RESIGNATION.

LORD ! when my daily actions I review,
My best intentions weak and vain appear,
For still I trace some earth-born hope in view,
Some worldly feeling, which to own I fear.

But O ! Hypocrisy ! thou deadliest sin !
Ne'er may thy hidden paths by me be trod ;
Still may I treasure—memory within—
“ Bless'd are the pure in heart !—they shall see God !”

O ! may each day my humble heart-felt pray'r,
Acceptable to my Redeemer prove,
And may God's praise my grateful lips declare—
His heav'nly mercy, and His gracious love.

Then, should affliction, ere my course be run,
Tear from my heart each fond, each worldly tie,
Lord ! “ As in Heav'n, on earth Thy will be done !”
Still may I utter with my latest sigh !

O ! Resignation ! I have felt thy charm,
Thy soothing charm that lulls severest woe—
Which can, O Death ! thy pow'rful hand disarm,
Blunt thy keen arrows, and avert thy blow.

And in adversity—though hard to bear—
Our sorrows to rememb'rance bring our sins ;
And oft with true repentance and God's fear,
The trembling sinner Heav'n's blest, kind mercy wins.

AGAINST DISCONTENT.

CEASE thy sad murmur, Discontent, O cease !
I tremble lest thy wailings God offend ;
They only seem thy sorrows to increase,
And no sweet comfort, no relief they lend.

Will God still bear with thy incessant moan ?
Will not His judgment on thy head descend ?
And canst thou all His blessings thus disown ?
Canst thou not see thine error, and amend ?

Reflect how soon thy sorrows will be o'er,
Life passeth, like the morning dew, away ;
Then cease thy transient evils to deplore,
And, strong, in faith, for bliss eternal pray !

ON CONTENTMENT.

COME, sweet Contentment ! bless my humble cot !
Come to my bosom ! ever dwell with me !
Though by the world unheeded or forgot,
I'll ask no other guest, if cheer'd by thee.

Vain is the noise of Folly—and in vain
The dazzling hue, the rich attire of Pride ;
For sweet Content ne'er follows in their train,
Her joys serene are not to theirs allied.

E'en Fortune's gifts, her bright, her envied smiles
Can seldom gain the blessings of Content ;
Her humble heart Ambition ne'er beguiles,
To paths like his her steps are never bent !

Down in the peaceful vale she hastes to rove,
Where echo sweet to her lov'd voice replies ;
And to some lowly cot, or shady grove,
From worldly cares, from Vanity she flies.

And there, with Piety, in converse mild,
To themes sublime their holy thoughts they raise
Whilst, passing, Time so sweetly is beguiled,
He fain would stop, and join their hallow'd lays.

EARLY PIETY.

'Tis sweet to think of those bless'd days,
When youth's simplicity was mine,
When first I lisp'd my Maker's praise,
And felt His peace, His love divine !

No subject mem'ry can impart
Of all life's past and chequer'd scene,
Is half so soothing to my heart,
Or wakes such thoughts—such bliss serene.

What once was pleasure, once was pain,
With cold indifference now I view ;
Chang'd are my feelings—and in vain
They seek their power to renew !

But early piety, I own,
Comes o'er me like those heav'nly dreams,
When wafted into worlds unknown
The sleeper's happy spirit seems.

Yet, since those days, those peaceful days
Of babe-like innocence and youth,
How oft I've fall'n in error's ways—
My steps have stray'd from heav'nly truth !

Come, then, repentance ! with sweet tears,
Through faith in my Redeemer's love !
Come, take away my sin and fears !
Lord ! speak forgiveness from above !

DEPRECATING IDOLATRY.

IDOLATRY ! thou vile besetting sin !
Around thou lurkest—though in dark disguise :
Thine altars now are man's weak heart within ;
To us invisible the structures rise.

Not, as of old, when God's own chosen race,
Strengthen'd by miracles and laws divine,
Were led the heathen temples to erase,
And build God's holy ark—His heav'nly shrine.

Yet, in defiance of Jehovah's word,
They bent the knee to blocks of wood and stone ;
Deaf to the zealous prophets of the Lord,
Who bade them worship God, and God alone.

Though not, like Pagans, nor like Israel's sons,
To "stocks and stones" our orisons we pay,
But led to drink where living water runs,
And call on God in David's pious lay.

Yet still some idol to our hearts we press—
Some fleeting treasure we too highly prize ;
And, whilst the helpless image we caress,
'Midst earth-born cares our grov'ling spirit lies.

Then are no blissful indications known
Of heav'nly objects, aspirations, love ;
But far from us sweet peace and hope have flown
To those whose spirits seek the things above.

O God, our Saviour ! God our only stay !
Now burst our earthly bonds—our idols break !
Safely guide us through our dark, dang'rous way,
Lest deadly sin our wand'ring steps o'ertake.

Thy countless mercies, Lord, may we proclaim !
Though still compell'd through pilgrim paths to rove ;
In faith and love may we confess Thy Name—
Worship our Three in One, Great God above !

GOD MANIFESTED IN HIS WORKS
INCITING TO PRAISE.

THE lovely morn, in dewy mantle clad,
With beams of light awakes th' ærial choir ;
Their cheerful voices make all nature glad,
Ere mountain tops are gilt with heaven's bright fire.

But while the glories of the morn increase,
While vapours fly th' approach of sunny rays,
The tuneful little songsters never cease
To warble forth their Heav'nly Maker's praise.

And can man wake from sweet refreshing sleep—
Say, can he ope his eyes to this fair scene,
And not ejaculate, with feelings deep,
One grateful pray'r to Him who rules unseen ?

O man ! short-sighted man ! lift up thy voice,
While yet thou mayst from apathy arise ;
For soon no sound shall bid thy soul rejoice,
No morning ray illume thy darken'd eyes.

To dust return'd thy earthly form will be—
Affection's tear for thee will nought avail ;
Now seize the moments—seize them ere they flee,
And may repentance with thy God prevail !

ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

O PROVIDENCE ! thou great almighty pow'r !
In all my wand'rings, all my joy and woe,
Thy ruling Spirit in each changeful hour,
Hath led me forth God's heav'nly care to know.

For when the light of truth upon me beam'd,
And shew'd me sin disguised in pleasure's mien,
Thy guiding hand, O Providence, still seem'd
To point the path where virtue yet was seen.

And when by grace divine my soul was led
The vain allurements of the world to fly,
Angelic mercy hover'd o'er my head,
And thy sure aid, O Providence, was nigh.

Thou pow'r benign ! thou safe, unerring guide !
Oft have I traced thee, through each passing scene ;
On thy support my trembling heart relied,
Thou ne'er hast failed me, still on thee I'll lean.

And while thy various dispensations bring
The tear of sorrow, or the smile of joy ;
May heav'nly love within my bosom spring,
And every feeling, every thought employ.

That, still relying, with devotion true,
On Thee, O Providence, my holy guide—
Still may I keep this truth divine in view,
"To ransom sinners my Redeemer died !"

FROM 139TH PSALM, 15 & 16 VERSES.

O THOU Creator ! thou eternal Lord !

By Thee my frame, by Thee my soul was made,
My substance seen and fashioned by Thy word,
While yet in darkness, and unknown it laid.

O God ! I know, I feel I came from Thee—

Let me, with pious faith, Thy name revere,
In my Creator, my Redeemer see,
And live in godly love, in godly fear.

And when my mortal frame consigned shall be

To the cold grave—its earthly place of rest,
Oh, then, by faith, may I my Saviour see—
Through faith in Him, eternally be bless'd.

ADORING GOD IN HIS WORKS.

Flow, ceaseless flow, thou glitt'ring stream,

Roll o'er thy pebbly bed,

While, musing in a sweet day-dream,

Thy bank shall rest my head.

And while the balmy breath of morn
With fragrance teems around ;
While flowers, 'mid the turf new-born,
Fresh blooming, deck the ground ;

While rural sounds, so sweet, so soft,
Come wafted by the gale ;
While larks, melodious, soar aloft,
The rising sun to hail ;

Flow, while with fond delight I gaze—
With rapture listen, too ;
Expression fails to give God praise—
The praise to Him that's due !

Breathe it, dear stream, in murmurs sweet,
Ye birds with cheerful song,
In sweetest notes His praise repeat,
And still the theme prolong !

SONNET TO MY AFFLICTED DOVE

SWEET dove ! around my happy cot
Thy cooing calm'd my boist'rous joy,
Turn'd idle thoughts of noisy mirth
To serious, holy, blest employ !

Now, then, whilst pain and sorrow seem
To dim thy sight, to weigh thy wing,
Now, then, my pensive little dove !
Come, listen, whilst I fondly sing ;
“ Behold that cloud which passeth by,
How dark, how dreary it appears !
Such clouds will fertilize the earth,
And bring sweet food for days, for years !
So thus thy sorrow, my own dove,
Will change to joy, to peace, and love !”

O ! WORLDLY CHANGES.

O ! worldly changes—O ! worldly changes—
Hard ye are to bear !—
Yet God ordains them,
And time proclaims them —
Then let us face ye without fear.

The sigh of sorrow—the sigh of sorrow—
Nature still must give,
When love is flying,
And friendship dying,
When faith and hope can scarcely live.

But look up bravely—O! look up bravely ;
Clouds soon pass away ;
The mist soon cleareth,
The sun appeareth,
And brighter seems God's blissful day.

SONNET ON A ROBIN.

COME, gentle robin, come to me again,
The leaves lie scattered by the northern blast ;
Thou'lt find my porch a shelter from the rain—
Come, well I see thou'st not forgot the past.
With sweetest confidence return to me,
Tamed by thy hunger, by the piercing cold,
Come, little minstrel, come, I love to see
Thy bright eyes glance on me, so quick, so bold.
Where, faithless wanderer, did'st thou wing thy flight
Through verdant spring, through summer's blithesome
hours ?
Thou com'st to me when fields give no delight,
When keen winds blow, and when the tempest lowers :
Thus I to Heaven turn my longing sight,
When storms have crushed life's sweetest, fairest
flowers.

THE PASSING BELL.

THAT bell ! that mournful passing bell,
With sad and solemn sound,
Speaks to my feelings, while its knell
On air is borne around.

For as the breezes gently sigh,
It dies upon mine ear,
And softly whispering—" Death is nigh !"
It starts th' unbidden tear.

Then as the zephyrs stronger rise,
It tolls so loud, so clear,
It warns th' unwary to be wise,
And God betimes to fear.

O ! may I not its lesson slight,
Regardless still of time,
For death will close mine eyes in night ;
That bell for me may chime.

Then should the thoughtless and the gay,
With sorrow list awhile,
Soft pleasure may deride their stay,
And lure them with her smile.

Yet still I trust my passing bell,
Will not toll on in vain,
But lead some heart like mine to swell,
With hope God's grace to gain.

ON CHARITY.

Lo! Heaven-born Charity on earth descends—
This happy isle she treads with steps benign ;
To suffering virtue kind relief she lends,
And misery cheers with looks, with words divine ;
Her presence checks pale envy's sullen frown,
The wicked sports of malice quickly cease,
And cruel hatred lays his weapons down,
While strife and jealousy are soothed by peace.
Fair, smiling peace, with plenty in her train,
And faith, and hope, doth charity attend ;
No flattering praise of earth they seek to gain,
But their all-powerful, virtuous efforts blend
To lift the soul above this world of pain,
And sacred, lovely, pure religion to befriend.

ON HOPE.

HOPE! heavenly soothing hope! of thee I'll ask
No promised gifts of fertile, wide demesnes—
No winning joys to lure me from the task
Of gaining that proud height where virtue reigns ;
Yet still, fair hope, I'd woo thee to my breast,
And while earth's toilsome labyrinth I pursued
Would bid thee point to that celestial rest,
Th' abode eternal of the wise—the good.

And as the heavenly mansions rose in view,
Thy accents, hope, should smooth the rugged way—
Should all my energies, my strength renew,
To pass the gloomy night, the lowering day ;
Nor heed the shafts of folly which pursue
The traveller guided by religion's ray.

ON REVISITING, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE,
THE SCENES OF EARLY YOUTH.

How oft since last my footsteps trod
This spot, to memory dear,
I've lingered o'er the smooth green sod—
In fancy lingered here,
Or round the silent rural glade,
Or sat beneath the willow's shade.

No smooth green sod I now behold,
No rural glade is near,
No willow with its trunk so old,
No riv'let bright and clear ;
All, all is changed, no vestige nigh—
No trace of pleasures long gone by.

No more the voice so loved I hear,
The smile so loved I see,
Alas! that smile, that voice shall ne'er
From sorrow set me free !
No more in friendly converse sweet,
The happy hours shall pass, too fleet.

But, O ! my soul, turn from the thought
Of transient joy and pain,
Remember all thy Saviour taught,
Nor let Him teach in vain ;
For we must bear our cross, and feel
That God can all our sorrows heal.

TRUE RELIGION OUR BEST PURSUIT.

I LOVE at eve to view the eastern sky,
And watch the rising of each brilliant star,
While science points the tube with skilful eye,
And names each sparkling orb that shines afar ;
But ah ! how vain all human art and skill,
Unless our Saviour's precepts we fulfil !

The flowery meads with joyful steps I rove,
To seek some lowly plant of virtues rare,
And, with instruction's useful aid, I love
To view its nectar cup, its petals fair ;
But, ah ! how vain all human art and skill,
Unless our Saviour's precepts we fulfil !

The canvas glowing, at the master's touch,
With forms ethereal, nature's charms divine,
Oh ! it restores the friend I loved so much
From earth's cold bosom, or some distant clime ;
But ah ! how vain all human art and skill,
Unless our Saviour's precepts we fulfil !

The sounds, the pleasing varied sounds, that flow
From heavenly music—sweet, expressive power !
Those sounds I love, which lull despair and woe,
Or waken joy, and charm the social hour :
But, ah ! how vain all human art and skill,
Unless our Saviour's precepts we fulfil !

THE PRODIGAL SON.

AH ! what can cheer the sinner's soul,
By conscience dire oppress,
By thoughts of treacherous sin which stole
His bosom's peace, his rest ?
God's mercy can the trembling sinner cheer,
Hush his deep sigh, and check his falling tear.

And may the sinner hope to gain
Sweet mercy from above ?
Will angels, pitying angels, deign
To soothe him with their love ?
Our God hath said, that angels bright rejoice
When sinners raise to Heaven their humble voice.

Far in the East, 'midst vineyards green,
'Midst fragrant groves and flowers
A father passed his days serene—
Two sons adorned his bowers ;

And round them peace her sweetest blessings shed,
And plenty's richest gifts their table spread.

But soon the younger son would fain
To foreign climes repair,
And from his father sought to gain
His patrimonial share ;
With sad reluctance the fond sire complied,
Gave him his portion—and on God relied.

The son, with youthful heart elate,
Pleased with the portion given,
And reckless of his future fate,
No blessing asks of Heaven ;
But journeys gladly to a distant land,
O'er mountains, plains, and pathless tracks of sand.

Now, where gay pleasure's thoughtless train
Lead on the sportive hours,
He hastes to join the pageant vain
With garlands vain of flow'rs ;
He wastes his substance, pleasure's smile to gain,
But soon she flies, alas ! and leaves him pain !

How changed the scene ! Deserted, left
By all the faithless train—
Of joy, and e'en of hope bereft—
His sighs are full of pain.
With her alone, companion of his woe,
He looks around—he knows not where to go.

He mournful looks, for famine near
His soul with horror chills :

The once gay land is cheerless, drear ;
From pleasure flows such ills !
Sunk in distress, his brilliant prospects o'er,
He gladly stoops to be a swineherd poor !

Then, while disconsolate and lone,
The moments pass so slow,
His errors he begins to own
With heart-consuming woe ;
And " Oh ! my father, oh !" he sighing said,
" My sins lie heavy on my guilty head !

" I will arise and quickly go
To thy indulgent arms,
Thou shalt behold me poor and lone ;
Deep grief my pride disarms.
To thee I'll lowly bend, I'll lowly kneel,
And thus I'll humbly pour forth all I feel:—

" ' Alas ! my father, I have sinned
Before kind Heaven and thee ;
Alas ! my father, I have sinned ;
I dread thy face to see !
And, no more worthy to be called thy son,
Make me thy servant ; let thy will be done.' "

Resolving thus, with anxious mind,
He homeward bends his way ;
No friends, alas ! he leaves behind—
They fled, with wealth, away.
Sadly he journeys, spent with toil and grief—
A wretched wanderer—forced to beg relief.

Now, as he lingers slowly on
 With painful, weary feet,
The father sees, afar, his son—
 He flies the youth to meet ;
And, with affection, hangs upon his neck ;
With soft compassion tries his tears to check.

“ But, oh ! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heaven and thee,”
 Repentantly he cries ;
“ Thy son no more I ask to be ;
 A menial's lot I'd prize.”
The father hears, then bids his train rejoice,
And thus his order gives, with cheerful voice:—

“ Bring forth the costly robe, the ring,
 Your minstrelsy prepare ;
Touch the sweet harp's melodious string,
 Your lively joy declare ;
For this, my son, was lost, and lo ! he's found ;
These happy tidings through my halls resound.”

The banquet's spread, the music's come,
 The dancing has begun,
When, from the fields—returning home—
 Appears the elder son ;
And, loudly calling to a servant near,
He asks “ What means this mirth, this brilliant cheer ? ”

“ Thy brother has returned to-day,
 And now with joy and glee
My master bids the minstrels play,
 Well pleased this day to see.”

Then forth the father comes his son to place
High in the hall—the festival to grace.

But he his father thus addressed—

“ I’ve served thee many years,
Nor have I thy commands transgressed,
Or burthened thee with fears—
Yet never hast thou called my friends around,
Or made thy halls for me with joy resound.

“ But now that this thy son hath come,

Who lavished all thy store—
Now he returns unto his home,
So wretched, and so poor !—
To him is given a costly robe and ring,
For him the banquet’s spread, the minstrels sing !”

“ O ! my dear son ! thou’rt ever here,

And all I have is thine ;
Thy virtues bright to me appear,
Like morn’s bright rays they shine ;
In my fond heart, thou ever hast a place,
Thou, the sweet pride, the pillar of my race.

“ But, O ! my son ! ’twas very meet

That we should all rejoice
When that poor youth, with weary feet,
With meek and humble voice—
When he, thy brother, dead and lost in sin,
Came to our halls, and begged admittance in.

“ For penitents may hope to gain

Sweet mercy from above,

As angels, pitying angels, deign
To sooth them, and to love ;
For God hath said, that angels fair rejoice
When sinners raise to Heaven their humble voice,"

A SAILOR'S YARN.

Tune,—Dibdin's "POOR JACK."

Come, Kate, and I'll sing ye another tough yarn,
'Tis the whim of a sailor, d'ye see ;
So fill up the grog—make a bright rousing fire,
And old Boreas may whistle for me !
For with thee, my sweet girl ! so spruce and so gay,
I feel like a bird in the air—
Can pipe to my mate, with a voice soft or loud,
And cut capers that make landsmen stare !

'Twas in Californy, where the dust is all gold,
As you've heard afore now, I suppose,
And where diamonds, as big and as bright as your eyes,
Are swung at each nigger's black nose ;
In that heathenish land, my fat sister, Poll,
Who was spliced to a tailor, quite lean,
Consented to live, for the lucre of gain,
A thinking she might be made queen !

But, says I, such queer notions are not English quite,
A true mother should stick to her home,
And should teach her young kids British pastures to love
Where freedom and joy always roam ;
Where the voice of a nation sings " God save our Queen,"
And tars, loyal and pious to boot,
Think men were created for some better end,
Than their neighbours and kindred to shoot !

So I hailed a rum messmate—a fellow quite droll,
Who could paw and could growl like a bear,
And when in his masquerade toggings encased,
Like a brute he did surely appear !
'Then soon to my sister's we sallied in haste,
Where old Snip was a taking his tea,
And young Master Snip in a hammock so nice,
Was tuck'd-up as well as could be ;

Then in rushed *my Bruin* with terrible roar,
And was off with young Snip, head and heels ;
Ah ! who can describe the poor mother's keen grief—
The sharp pang that a fond mother feels ?
" Oh ! take me," says she, " to the land of my birth,
Where no lions or bears show their might,
Let me live with security on my own hearth,
For Great Britain is blessed in God's sight !"

Huzza ! then, for Britain—the land of the brave !
The land of the happy, the free !
Long, long, may we chant proudly " God save our
Queen,"
And all hearts beat in chorus, d'ye see !

THE ADOPTION OF MOSES.

THE Hebrew mother wildly gazed
Upon her lovely son,
She trembled when a cry he raised,
And deemed herself undone ;
For Pharoah's policy severe
Had placed the watchful murderers near.

And day by day her anxious mind,
With fond maternal care,
Some project new essayed to find,
Her hapless heart to cheer ;
Then o'er her beauteous babe she sighed,
And sought the aid that's ne'er denied—

The aid of God—'tis always given
To those who weep and pray,
For holy messengers from Heaven
Such tear-drops wipe away ;
And unto those sweet comfort give
Who pray in faith, in virtue live .

And then, with godly hope inspired,
The Hebrew mother rose,
Whilst Amram wondered and admired,
To view her calm repose ;
As busily her fingers twined
The work by heavenly art designed.

It was an ark—within she laid
The sweet, unconscious boy ;
And now, no more of foes afraid,
Her home she leaves with joy ;
And at the glorious dawn of day
She bears her treasured ark away.

She bears it to the river's side,
Where flags luxuriant grow,
And heedful placed it, lest the tide
Should o'er her infant flow,
Then, with a parting look and sigh,
To Heaven she raised her tearful eye.

While Miriam, anxious for th' event,
Afar stood, lingering still,
Her every thought and wish intent
To guard the babe from ill ;
When Pharoah's daughter soon drew near,
To bathe amid the waters clear.

With stately train of maidens fair,
The princess, good and great,
As much distinguished by her air,
As by her high estate ;
Her noble step, her courteous mien,
Bespoke the daughter of a queen !

Whilst on the river's bank she strayed,
The princess quickly spies
The floating ark, and sends her maid
To fetch the unknown prize ;

They open it—a weeping child
Stretch'd forth his little arms—and smiled.

Then, in compassion's accents mild,
The princess sighing said,
“This is some wretched Hebrew's child,
He justly claims my aid.”
With haste his sister Miriam flew,
To say—“ An Hebrew nurse she knew.”

And quickly Jachebed she sought,
The tidings glad to tell,
That Heaven had Pharoah's daughter brought
The babe to cherish well.
Then as a nurse the mother went,
By God's decree to Moses sent.

Again she pressed her infant dear
To her maternal breast,
The “chosen vessel” of God's care,
The meekest and the best;
Who rescued his afflicted race,
And saw his Maker face to face !

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

Our lot is fallen in a happy land,
Where fruitful hills and plains their treasures spread,
Where gentle rivers flow o'er glittering sand,
And all life's blessings are profusely shed.

Unlike Hispaniola to thy fate,
Where civil war—that scourge of human race—
Pours its wild fury, its ungodly hate,
In devastation on the ruined place.

Methinks I see the dreadful battle wage,
Hear their swords clash, their thundering cannon
sound,
While, 'midst each pause of their destructive rage,
The groans of dying men are heard around.

O, God our Saviour! grateful should we be
For Thy protecting, Thy Almighty care;
Then let us join to bless high Heaven's decree,
And humbly pray—"Spare us, great God, O! spare!"

Still may Thy lively, varying seasons bring
The bounteous harvest and the garden's store;
Still may sweet songs of peace our shepherds sing,
And still may commerce bless our favoured shore.

THE WIDOW OF SAREPTA.

ON the wide plain, the valley, and the mount,
No cattle graz'd, no verdant herbage sprung,
No cooling streamlet issued from the fount,
Whilst o'er the blighted earth pale famine hung.

When from the brook Elias calmly rose,
Where, by the ravens fed each morn and eve,
He on the barren ground enjoyed repose,
Till Cherith dried, and he was bid to leave.

Then, by Divine command, the prophet went
Forth to Sarepta, and he straightway found,
Close to the city gate, with hunger spent,
A lonely widow gathering sticks around.

"Fetch me, I pray, some water and some bread,
Long was my journey—I rejoice 'tis o'er!"
"Ah me!" the mournful widow said,
"I have no bread, no food, no earthly store!"

"Scarcely of meal, one handful I possess,
My little cruse of oil is nearly dry,
These sticks I gather, one small cake to dress,
That my poor son and I may eat—then die!"

"Go, and thy purpose hasten to fulfil;
But for me first prepare and bring a cake;
As my God lives! it is His heavenly will
Thy humble virtues 'neath His care to take;

"The little cask of meal no waste shall prove,
The little cruse of oil shall never fail,
Till o'er the parch'd, unhappy land we love
Refreshing dews and rain with joy we hail!"

His precious words the widow soon obey'd,
And Israel's God the miracle fulfilled;
While at her house the holy prophet stayed,
Food was abundant—wisdom was instilled.

But lo ! again the widow's heart was tried,
Her only child, her fond delight and care,
In painful sickness, faintly languish'd—died !
And left his mother 'whelm'd in deep despair.

And " Oh ! thou blessed man of God !" she cried,
" Art thou come here my darling son to slay ?
Is true repentance of my sins denied ?
Say, wilt thou not my punishment delay ?"

" Give me thy son," the holy man replied,
And from her bosom took the lifeless child,
While, with compassion touched, he wept and sighed
As he beheld the mother's anguish wild.

Then the pale babe he carried to a loft,
And on his bed the corse he gently laid,
With pious feelings, accents faithful, soft,
Thus sad Elias to his Maker pray'd:—

" Hast Thou, O God ! on her this evil brought
Whose tender bounty freely bade me share
Her last and only pittance—as she thought ?
The meal and oil, in love, she did not spare.

" O, my Lord God ! Thy humble servant hear !
O, let the soul of this poor child return !
Let him once more his wretched mother cheer,
O, my great God ! to Thee in faith I turn !"

Thrice sad Elias breath'd this fervent prayer,
Thrice o'er the lifeless form he lowly bent ;
When from His high, His bright, celestial sphere
His gracious mandate the Almighty sent.

Soft as the southern breeze at eve's calm hour,
 Seemed to Elias the fair infant's sigh,
 Bright as the glowing tint of budding flower,
 Seemed the mild lustre of his opening eye !

"Merciful Heaven, he lives !" the prophet says,
 And, as he placed him on his mother's arm,
 "See, thy son liveth ! Give God the praise,
 Let not thy cries the gentle babe alarm."

Then the poor heathen woman first believed
 In the true God—and thus her mind expressed—
 "Now, by vain idols never more deceived,
 On Israel's God, on Israel's faith I'll rest !"

WORLDLY LOVE SUBSERVIENT TO DIVINE LOVE.

"Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
 Which of her lovers ever found her true ?"

YOUNG'S "*Virtue's Apology*."

O, WORLDLY-LOVE ! I fled thee,
 But, concealed within my breast,
 I cherished still thine image
 To lull my soul to rest.

I said, " Love will protect me
When the storms of life assail—
Will guide me to some haven,
Secure from sorrow's gale ;

" Sweet love will be my pilot—
Will waft me o'er each billow,
Whilst I'll list his soft sighing
Around my calm pillow."

But soon wild gusts of passion
Blew love on a rocky shore,
Where his false image vanish'd—
I never saw it more !

Whilst amid the storm's rude fury,
Amidst raging wind and wave,
Religion gently whisper'd
" Have faith, and I can save ;

" Can guide thy bark in safety
Through the dangers of the deep,
For the eye that watcheth thee,
Will never close in sleep !

" Quicksands may rise beneath thee,
And dark rocks may frown around,
Swift lightning may pass o'er thee,
Or thunder's awful sound ;

" Proud ocean's gulf may open,
And display a gloomy cave,
Where bones, alas ! now whiten
Of seamen once so brave ;

“ But with mercy and true faith
Thy poor shatter'd bark to steer,
Thy onward course will prosper,
And God thy heart will cheer.

“ Though worldly-love may never—
Never on thee gaily smile,
Nor wave his wing inconstant,
Thy vision to beguile—

“ Yet brighter charms will win thee,
Charms immortal—charms divine !
To raise thy soul in glory,
To Christ's eternal shrine !”

TO ZANONI.

“ O ! gloomy, sad, and lone that heart must be,
Whose bird of hope has fled for evermore,
Yet ever listeneth for its melody,
That came like sunshine when the storm is o'er.”
Hope on—Hope ever.

Who struck those chords—those master-chords,
Which vibrate still within my heart,
Which find the hidden source of woe—
Which lively joy, which hope imparts ?
Zanoni ! 'twas thy hand that swept the lyre
With graceful sweetness and with glowing fire !

Oh ! touch once more the trembling string
That breathes our sorrow and our love ;
See, angels list thy dulcet lay,
And smile upon thee from above !
Zanoni, hark ! they hymn thy thrilling strain !
Hark, hark ! they hymn it o'er and o'er again !

Clouds melt away, and love descends
To dwell with thee—to learn the tone
Which all his fond emotions breathe
In melody beyond his own !
Zanoni ! raise thy voice in heart-felt prayer,
For love, warm love ! will conquer cold despair !

AN ADDRESS TO MY SINFUL SOUL.

“Soul of man,
Let the fount teach thee, and its struggle bring
Truth to thy yearnings ! Whither I began
Thither I tend ; my law is to aspire ;
Spirit thy source, be spirit thy desire.”

“*King Arthur.*”—Sir E. B. LYTTON.

SOUL ! dark mysterious soul ! whose essence gives
An impulse to my words—my will,
O, wing each thought to Heaven in flight serene,
Free from all stain of worldly ill !

Not uncongenial are the scenes around ;
Sweet nature's accents greet mine ear ;
In every opening flower I see her smile,
In every dew-drop see her tear.

Fostered by gentle, unobtrusive love,
Who calmly o'er my life presides,
Like silver stream o'er meadows lone and dank,
Creating flowers where it glides.

O soul ! deep-hidden, wonderful, sublime !
Whose being I would vainly scan ;
Ah ! why art thou so prone to dwell *below*,
In the vile breast of sinful man ?

Say, art thou dazzled by God's starry throne,
His messengers of lightning bright ?
Or, by the thunder of his judgment awed,
Say, dost thou turn from sacred light ?

Soul ! quickened, nurtured by God's holy breath,
O ! let that breath arise in pray'r
To Him who gave His only Son to bleed,
Thee, soul !—thee, sinful soul !—to spare !

SONNET ON THE MYSTIC DOVE.

I SING the mystic dove, that hovers o'er
The lonely path of my declining days,
That murmurs, sweetly murmurs at nightfall,
Dispersing darkness with love's piercing rays !

Whence come ye, soother of the dreary hour,
 Fond emblem of my ardent soul's desire ;
 Whence come ye—breathing pure and saint-like sighs—
 To animate devotion's kindling fire ?
 Come, nestle closely to my weary heart,
 Rest thee, till every pulse shall cease to move ;
 Then, comforter, O ! wing thy peaceful way
 With my repentant, humble soul above !
 May mercy open Heaven's portal bright,
 And crown our spirits with eternal light !

LOVE AND FORTUNE.

" O ! SHARE with me your happy fate,
 Deck me with gems, with robes of state,
 I'll smile and sing from morn till eve ;
 No bird that warbles in the air
 Shall with my joyous notes compare,
 Oh ! trust me, nymph, I'll ne'er deceive—
 No never—no never—no never ! "

'Twas thus young Love, with winning smile,
 With accents tutored to beguile—
 'Twas thus fair Fortune he addressed ;
 But soon she saw through his disguise,
 She marked the malice in his eyes—
 The malice which he ne'er expressed—
 No never—no never—no never !

Saith Fortune, "Where's your truth of heart?
The looks that more than words impart?

Alas! I fear my purse you woo;
No constancy your life adorns,
You pluck the rose and leave the thorns;
Ah! that, sweet Love, will never do—
No never—no never—no never!"

CHRIST'S REDEEMING POWER.

As restless on my bed I laid,
Whilst fever all my strength consumed,
The dart of death was yet delayed,
And reason still my mind illumed.

Then, with a trembling heart, I brought
Actions long past again to view;
And my Redeemer's grace I sought,
With sorrow and repentance true.

Ah! then a saving God I found
My only hope, my only stay,
When death's dark horrors shed around
A gloom which hid the light of day.

Then, like the limpet on the rock,
So firmly to my God I clung,
My soul could then death's arrows mock,
And wander his deep shades among.

No gloom, no spectre then had power
My stedfast faith in Christ to move ;
His mercy in that awful hour
Rais'd me with heavenly soothing love !

Now holy thoughts my mind employ,
And visions bright before me gleam,
Far brighter than all earthly joy,
Far brighter than a poet's dream !

Yet not too bright for faded eyes,
The sinner on his death-bed laid,
Who on the word of God relies
To him these visions are display'd.

A sacred host of angels fair
Around my couch I now behold,
They bid my soul for Heaven prepare,
And Christ's redeeming power unfold !

WHAT IS LIFE ?

" The road to never ending joy or sorrow !"
CHRISTIANA.

WHAT is life ? Ye sad ones tell me,
Lost in misery and sin,
Wearying Heaven with perverseness,
Heeding not God's call within,
Life's a blessing given in vain
Transient joy—eternal pain.

What is life ! Ye vain ones, tell me,
 Gaily fluttering on the wing—
Ever seeking idle pleasure,
 Spurning gifts that joy would bring ;
 Life's a blessing thrown away,
 Regretted at your dying day !

What is life ? Ye sages tell me,
 Buried in a thought profound,
Penetrating hidden science,
 Yet to error firmly bound,
 Life to ye is but a snare,
 Foolish infidels—beware !

What is life ? Ye righteous tell me,
 Guided by God's sacred will,
Ever zealous, ever happy—
 All His precepts to fulfil !
 Life's a blessing and a gain,
 Though interspers'd with woe and pain.

The grave is only Heaven's gate,
Where long lost angels for ye wait !
Then, holy spirits, take your flight,
To realms of everlasting light !

TO A DOVE.

HERE make thy nest, sweet gentle bird,
Here, in my lonely bower,
Where every murmuring breeze is heard
That roves o'er scented flower ;
Thy cooing soft shall soothe my soul to rest,
Here, gentle dove, here make thy downy nest.

What though no melody is thine,
No sweet harmonious song,
Yet records of thine acts divine,
To thee, loved bird, belong ;
Thou, my sweet dove, to memory art dear,
Come, coo around, I love thy voice to hear.

While o'er the earth offended Heaven
The awful deluge sent,
When liberty to thee was given
Thy aid to Noah was lent ;
By thee a token of sweet peace was sought,
And in thy beak the olive branch was brought.

And when the Holy Spirit came
Down from the opening Heaven,
While John pronounced the sacred name
To our blest Saviour given,
As He from Jordan's stream arose, and pray'd,
In dove-like form God's spirit o'er Him staid.

Then make thy nest, my fav'rite bird,
O! make it in this bower,
Where zephyr's breath alone is heard
And summer's pattering shower;
Then oft I'll list to thy soft plaintive sound,
While peace, sweet dove-like peace, shall
reign around.

SONNET.

(*To the air of "Riego's Hymn."*)

OH! think of the days gone by—
The days so bright and gay,
When hearts were true, when love was pure,
And sorrow far away!

Then friendship cheered our breast
With accents soft and kind,
No pride nor envy shed
Their venom o'er our mind.

Though sports of youth are o'er,
And friends are far away,
Yet memory treasures joys
That never can decay.

Come, fancy, draw the ring
Around the homely hearth,
Where Christmas tales were told
By voices tuned to mirth.

Then paint the shady tree,
The birds, the fruits, and flowers,
That charmed our youthful minds,
And wing'd our happy hours.

Oh ! think of the days gone by—
The days so bright and gay,
When hearts were true, when love was pure,
And sorrow far away.

THE LOVE OF NATURE IS THE LOVE OF GOD.

NURSED in a forest, she was nature's child,
And studied from her parent's ample page,
While oft-times wandering like a wood-nymph wild,
Sweet poesy would all her thoughts engage,
And then, in concert with some murmuring stream,
She wakened echo to repeat her theme,
Whilst startled deer amid the furze were seen.

Of nature's charms she sang—so bright, so fair!—
Of sunny beams, of soft refreshing showers—
While sweetness breathed around her through the air,
And golden rays adorned each simple flower.
Oh! early happy days, too quick ye flew!—
Tutored by art, she turned from nature's view,
And nature's God was then unheeded, too!

THE GRACE OF GOD.

THE grace of God shall be my prayer
Whilst life to me is given;
I'll humbly kneel, with faith sincere,
And raise my voice to Heaven.

For mercy will glad tidings bring,
While low on earth I lie,
That grace and peace my soul shall wing
To bliss supreme on high.

Love, holy love, with power divine,
Shall then my heart possess,
And angels fair will wreaths entwine,
To crown my happiness!

TRANQUILLITY.

THERE'S a charm in the cool summer's breeze,
 Bearing sweets from each opening flower ;
And the whisper of tremulous leaves
 Gives delight in mild eve's tranquil hour.

There's a charm in the murmuring stream,
 When fair Luna, so tranquil and bright,
Sweetly sheds o'er the landscape serene
 A soft, soothing, and calm pensive light.

There's a charm when the ocean's at rest,
 When the plash of its slow rolling wave
Through some dark gloomy cave runs to breathe
 A lament o'er the lost, o'er the brave.

There's a charm in the stillness of night,
 Through the village and churchyard to stray,
When sweet silence alone is disturbed
 By the sound of the watch-dog's hoarse bay.

Yet no charm in these calm, soothing scenes
 Can be felt by the fluttering breast
Which wild passion's mad impulses own,
 Or a conscience that ne'er is at rest.

BLEST BE THE ZEAL !

BLEST be the zeal—the heavenly zeal !
Which first inspired the gracious plan,
To traverse distant land and sea,
To succour poor benighted man !

Benighted ! yes, in darkness dread,
No ray divine to cheer his heart,
No knowledge of that sacred Word
Which can new life and grace impart.

Oh ! see him ! see the savage wild !
Bending before the shrine impure
Where smokes a human sacrifice—
To idols stained with infant gore.

But, lo ! the vessel, wafted safe
O'er many a sunken rock and shoal,
Now brings salvation—words of peace
T' enlighten—to convert the soul !

The Bible ! O ! what bounties spring
From all its precepts, all its prayers ;
It tames the savage, schools the wise,
And dissipates the sinner's fears.

One Book that vessel may contain
To save a whole benighted race !
We know not—sinners as we are—
The fruit of God's almighty grace !

It is not man the work performs,
God gives the missionary power—
Tempers the heat, abates the storm,
Supports him in each trying hour.

Safe o'er the burning sand he goes,
Safe 'mid the drifting snow he hies,
He fears no ill, no earthly foe,
In God he trusts—on Him relies.

Poor wanderer ! still upheld by One
“ Who never faints, who never tires,”
God's word he presses to his heart,
And feels the faith which it inspires.

Still, in the desert, from on high
The day-spring may give light and joy,
May lead his feet to ways of peace,
And dark idolatry destroy.

Come, then, ye rich in worldly store,
Come, purchase food that ne'er will fail ;
Come, plant a vineyard to the Lord,
And bid the nations “ Jesus ” hail !

Come, bless the zeal—the heavenly zeal !
Which first inspired the holy plan
To traverse distant land and sea,
To succour poor benighted man !

" NEVER AGAIN."

" 'Never again,' transient and fleet,
All in this world, bitter and sweet!"

" NEVER again " are words that often pour
A tide of sorrow o'er the broken heart,
Which once so fondly trusted, fondly hoped
That pleasure had no wings, would ne'er depart !

" Never again," ah ! me, those mournful sounds
A thrill of horror strike through all our frame,
While the pale shade of youth and beauty now
In dying accents faintly breathes our name.

" Never again," alas ! with feelings keen
Those words come like a dagger to our breast,
When friendship's voice is hushed, and the last groan
Proclaims the loved, the lost one, is at rest !

" Never again," we wildly then exclaim,
Can aught in life our happiness restore,
Thick clouds of sorrow darken all our path,
Our sun of hope is set to rise no more !

But hark ! religion saith, in soothing tones,
" ' Never again ' to earth alone refers ;
Here all is transient—all doth pass away,
No human skill the course of time defers.

“ Quickly he traverses this changeful world
With gloomy death, whose darts unerring fly ;
‘ Never again,’ they whisper as they roam,
While low in dust the great and mighty lie.

“ But Christ, our Saviour—Christ, our gracious Lord !
Will make both time and death their charge restore ;
Then angels bright shall echo through the sky,
‘ Never again is changed to evermore !’ ”

SWEET FAIRY-LAND.

SWEET fairy-land ! how fondly have I roam’d
Through all thy mazes—o’er each hill and plain—
Where giants dwelt, where sleeping beauties laid,
Where mighty ogres held their pow’ful reign ?

How swiftly passed dear childhood’s vacant hour,
With Cinderella and her slipper small,
With comic Tom Thumb, with poor Puss in Boots ;
And oh ! with Riding Hood—best loved of all.

Ah ! tell me not these tales destroy the flow
Of reason’s current through the infant mind ;
No, no—they give imagination wings
To soar above the herd of human kind.

Forgive me, holy truth—I would not teach
Transgression of thy just, thy *sacred rules*;
They should be first well cultured in the soul,
Or vain's the wisdom of all other schools.

But oh ! in fairy-land oft let me stray,
Forget the sad realities of life,
List to some poet's lay, by fancy framed,
And banish worldly care and worldly strife.

ON MORNING PRAYER.

ANOTHER day ! Great God, what praise should flow
Warm from our hearts, when we behold thy light—
Thy glorious light, which vivifies and cheers,
Which breaks each morn so lovely on our sight.

How sweet from peaceful sleep to ope our eyes,
And our first waking thoughts to form in prayer—
In pious, heart-felt prayer ! an offering pure
Which God accepts, and angels love to hear.

The sigh of penitence, the glow of praise,
How sweet to think our Maker will approve,
Will bless our efforts to perform His will,
And guard us through the day with heavenly love !

ON EVENING PRAYER.

MERCY divine—unmerited, unsought—

Hath hovered o'er me through the passing day,
Hath shed a pleasing light upon the path
Which leads to virtue's smooth and tranquil way.

And now, while night's dark veil around me falls,
Ere soft repose my spirits shall renew,
Oh ! let me offer to my gracious Lord
The praise devout for all His blessings due.

Through all the changes of this earthly scene
Thy providence, oh ! God, I've felt—I've known ;
Ah ! me, without Thy all-sustaining aid
I ne'er had reached the foot of mercy's throne !

There by my Saviour—my Redeemer, placed,
In deep humility I bend the knee ;
Once sin's weak captive—now released by grace,
For grace, alas ! could only set me free.

Unmerited the mercy from above,
Which saves my soul from sin's eternal chain ;
For oh ! with pious hope I firmly trust
That Jesus hath not died for me in vain.

Then on my knees may I each night implore
Thy favor, Lord, before I sink in sleep,
To rise with soul refreshed, with faith renewed,
Christ's golden harvest with His saints to reap.

LONGING FOR DIVINE TEACHING.

COME o'er my soul, ye breathings soft of love—
Of heavenly love, which looks on high for joy,
Which pants to join the blessed choir above,
When death its clay-built prison shall destroy.

Come o'er my soul, ye aspirations pure,
Which kindle holy, bright, ethereal fire,
And from earth's dross those heavenly sparks insure
Which upward fly, winged by my fond desire.

TO CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, I have sought thee long,
Thy placid smile I fain would see,
Would leave the ever-busy throng
To dwell in harmony with thee.

Thy brow composed, thy temper even,
Thy converse lively, yet serene,
Thy quiet wishes raised to Heaven,
Whilst passing through life's varied scene.

I know thee well, thou lovely fair,
No artful borrowed charms are thine,
No brilliant's ray, no tinsel's glare
Amid thy flowing tresses shine.

Sweet nature, with a hand divine,
Arrays thee in a robe of light,
And fadeless garlands thee entwine
With sparkling dew-drops ever bright.

But oh! methinks, a resting-place
On earth's expanse thou ne'er canst find,
Where sorrow's gloom might not efface
The lovely sunshine of thy mind.

"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."

DEAR is the glow which warms our heart,
And dear the tears which fill our eyes,
When memory from the grave restores
The parents we still fondly prize.

Our father with his silver locks,
His solemn air, his son'rous voice,
Once more we hear his mild reproof,
Once more his smiles our soul rejoice.

Our mother with her tender look,
Her love that knew no change, no bounds,
Again we hear her gentle praise,
And pleasure echoes the loved sounds.

O ! cherished mem'ry, oft pourtray
Domestic scenes of peace and love,
Till Heaven in mercy shall display
The brighter, holier scenes above.

TAKEN FROM THE SONG OF MOSES.

(XXXII CHAPTER DEUTERONOMY.)

YE lofty sounds of praise,
Exalt my humble strain,
O ! listen, ye unwise,
My words shall fall as rain,

As dew upon the herb,
As showers upon the grass,
The praises of my God
Into your hearts shall pass.

He is the rock of truth,
He is the fruitful vine,
He is the Lord Most High !
His judgments are divine.

As eagles spread their wings,
And flutter o'er their nest,
So God the faithful guards
In holy, perfect rest.

O ! would that ye considered
The years, the days of old—
Creation's wond'rous work,
Salvation long foretold.

O ! would that ye were wise,
Would think upon your end,
Would stay the lifted sword,
Lest it in wrath descend!

CHRISTMAS.

ONCE more with holy joy we bend
In rev'rence to Christ's natal day,
Once more our fervent prayers ascend
To Him who washed our sins away ;
And each revolving year may we
More grateful for His mercy be.

For us from majesty on high
 To lowly, sinful earth He came ;
For us He breathed full many a sigh,
 For us endured reproof and shame ;
For us He bled, that we might prove
Worthy of His all-gracious love.

And oh ! the legacy He left
 Of His most hallow'd, saving Word,
Possessed of this we're not bereft
 Of comfort, through our heavenly Lord ;
For in His Testament he lives,
And still divine instruction gives.

Then, oh ! let us our voices raise
 On this our Saviour's natal day,
Oh ! let us join in hymns of praise,
 Let us our heart-felt homage pay ;
And soon may all creation hail
The God whose mercies never fail !

ON LEAVING A MUCH-LOVED SPOT.

SWEET was my favourite bank, and every flower
 That bloomed around my shady porch was sweet,
But sweeter far the voice that owned God's power,
 And taught true wisdom in my calm retreat ;
That blest retreat, which now I sighing leave
To trust a world whose smiles too oft deceive.

Still let me linger, let me view again,

Amid yon trees, devotion's holy shrine,
And trace the silver stream that seeks the main;

Ah! gentle stream, my fate perchance like thine
To visit distant shores, no home to find,
Thy waters restless—restless as my mind!

But God can lull to peace the stormy wave,

Arrest the swift, the mighty rushing wind,
And guide the streamlet to some quiet cave,

Where lofty rocks the peaceful waters bind;
Thus I amid the world's tumultuous scene,
May rest in faith, and pass my days serene.

SONNET.

LET works of fancy female hands employ—
Be theirs to weave the beauteous fruit and flowers,
To laugh, to sing, to charm away the hours—
And add new pleasures to domestic joy.

For man a nobler task's assigned—
Be his to rule a nation—or his wife,
To bear with firmness all the ills of life;
And grace with virtue his enlighten'd mind.

LINES ON CHARITY AND GRATITUDE.

BLESSINGS attend the gentle hearts that feel
Warm charity's benignant, virtuous glow ;
Like dew from Heaven, O ! may their gifts descend,
Refreshing downcast, drooping minds,
And causing gratitude to flow !

For gratitude will vicious souls restore
To peace, to innocence, to social love,
And win sweet mercy to direct the way
Which leads to happiness below,
And bliss for evermore above.

HEAVENLY CONSOLATION.

LIKE as a bird unto the hills,
So flies my soul in mournful hours
To Thee, whose glory Nature sings
Whilst o'er the earth Thy gifts she showers.

Can arrows sped by mortal hand
Reach those bright hopes which flutter near
The soul which soars beyond this globe—
The heart which Christ vouchsafes to cheer ?

Come, then, sweet dove, bring holy peace,
Bring long-lost joy unto my breast;
There nestle 'midst this world's rude storms,
Till in a brighter orb we rest!

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

Adapted to the German air,—“I'll watch for thee.”

(Music arranged by Sir J. STEVENSON.)

I'LL pray for thee in night's silent hour,
When darkness reigns o'er my lonely bower;
I'll watch and pray till dawning day—
Pray for thy soul when death's arrows shower!

Think not I'd weep o'er thy pallid face,
If to thy soul Christ had given grace;
No, my mind's eye should pierce the sky,
And view thee raised to God's hallow'd place.

There, bright as waves when the moon's fair beam
Sheds its clear light o'er the silver stream,
Thy form should be still known to me,
Though clothed in glory and bliss supreme.

SONNET ON TRUE AFFECTION.

AFFECTION true, how beautiful,
How soothing to the heart,
When youth, and health, and transient joy
On time's swift wing depart !
The gentle smiles that ever beam,
The words that bring relief,
Calming the dreary moan—the sigh
Of bitter pain and grief ;
'The gift of Heaven to mankind,
This sweet affection flows
Like streams in deserts—pure and bright—
Its source no mortal knows !
But whilst from God this blessing we receive
Life's casual storms should ne'er our bosoms grieve !

SONNET.

(To a Friend, congratulating him on his return to the right path.)

Love wept, and I with him mingled my tears,
For thee, from whom my thoughts were distant never,
After so many pains, and doubts, and fears,
At last to see thy soul unchained for ever.
Now to the throne of God lift up thy heart,
Since thou again hast turned to wisdom's way,
Thank Him whose mercy could such grace impart—
Who turns not from His children's prayer away ;

And if on turning to the high emprise,
Some obstacles have checked thy onward course,
'Tis that thy soul may spread its wings and rise
To meet the daring flight with all its force ;
The path thou treadst is thorny, dark, and steep,
Then be thou strong, nor let thy valour sleep.

SONG.—WHO IS A PATRIOT ?

(Tune, "Colomba, o tortorella."—In "*Il Flauto Magico*,"
by MOZART.)

WHILST the light of Heaven cheers me,
Whilst a spark of reason glows ;
O ! Albion—true to God and thee—
I'll pray for thy repose, repose—I'll pray for thy repose.

Who is a patriot—let me ask
Who truly bears that name ?
The man whose words breathe gentle peace,
Or he who kindles flame, fierce flame—or he who
kindles flame ?

O ! discord—foe to love and joy—
Approach not our fair isle,
Where, blest 'neath mild Victoria's sway,
Bold Mars and Venus smile, they smile—
Bold Mars and Venus smile.

THE DOVE'S RETURN.

" . . . Voices we have pined to hear
Through many a long and lonely day,
Come back upon the dreaming ear
From grave-lands far away."

"Farewell."—From LE CRAS' Paper.

FIVE summer-suns had scarcely o'er me shone,
When, waking silence, in her haunts remote,
I wandered through wild, tangled woods, alone,
And called on echo to repeat my note.

A simple strain—'twas "Hither come, my dove,
Come to thy little mistress—come to me!
I'll send a letter to my absent love,
And thou the faithful messenger shalt be."

In after-life neglected was the song,
My dove's adventures were forgotten quite,
When, tired with wand'rings, toilsome, sad, and long,
Lo! my fond bird again appears in sight!

Art thou the dove—the very cooing dove,
That charmed my infant heart, my infant eyes;
That made my bosom thy sweet home of love,
That taught me gentle voice and looks to prize?

Come, cheer my passage from this medley scene,
Where much of falsehood, much of truth I've known;
Come, lead me where fair nature's ever green,
Where fallen men their Saviour ne'er disown!

SONNET ON DIVINE HOPE AND
CONSOLATION.

SAY, art thou not the star which lent a ray
Of lively joy to my o'er-wearied heart ?
Say, art thou not the gentle dove whose power
Could soothing love, could heavenly peace impart ?
Lost in a wide expanse of doubt—of fear,
Must my sad restless thoughts for ever stray ?
Or, driven like mariner on unknown coast,
Must no fair beacon now direct my way ?
Yes, still a beacon—still a dove—a star
Lights, soothes, and guides me o'er life's downward
hill,
For faith and mercy point to Heaven above,
And teach calm resignation to God's will ;
Ah ! then, through long eternity divine,
My star, my beacon, yet may brightly shine.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF GOD'S GRACE.

O ! LORD, can I Thy grace implore,
Whilst error leads my soul astray ?
Must I not, Lord, each sin give o'er,
And wash with tears my guilt away ?

Yet, Lord, to me Thy grace impart,
 A wretched sinner though I be ;
 Thy grace shall purify my heart,
 And from sin's chain shall set me free !

O ! blessed Lord, Thy saving grace
 Alone can joy and peace restore ;
 Thy mercy can my crimes efface,
 And bid my spirit upward soar !

AND DID YOU STEER UNTO OUR ISLE?

Air,—“ There's nae luck about the house.”

“ But now the hour is come, and I must stand upon the shore
 And see the treasure of my soul depart for evermore.”

Dermot's Parting.

“ The lady loseth her love, and singeth.”

AND did you steer unto our isle,
 And did you land, my dear ;
 Whilst I was grieving in my home,
 And knew not you were here ?
 Ah ! could you hear my voice, love,
 Ah ! could you see my face,
 And not exchange one loving word—
 One brotherly embrace ?
 Oh ! my heart is sad—'tis very sad,
 To think that you were near,
 Whilst, quite unconscious of the bliss,
 No joy my soul could cheer !

Whilst I was praying, night and day,
That, ere life's course pass'd o'er,
One glimpse of you might bless my sight,
And happiness restore—
That one fond word—one tender sigh,
Those feelings might explain
Which now within my silent heart
For ever must remain !
Oh ! my heart is sad—'tis very sad,
To think that you were near,
Whilst, quite unconscious of the bliss,
No joy my soul could cheer !

THE FOREST'S BLOOMING WILD-THYME.

“ When faint and sick, the languors to remove,
To yon ambrosial shrubs and plants repair,
Thou weenest not what med'cines in them are.”

PSYCHE.

THE odour of sweet wild-thyme,
The forest's blooming wild-thyme,
Methinks I breathe it now ;
Sweet as it came in childhood ;
When on a bank reclining,
I laid my weary brow.

Weary with pleasant roaming,
With music of birds singing,
And not with gloomy care,
I slept upon the wild thyme
(Fanned by the gentle zephyrs),
Whilst bees were humming there !

And dreams of knights and ladies,
Of lovely sylphs and fairies,
Oft charmed my soft repose ;
Till, wakened by the lowing
Or bells of cattle grazing,
Refreshed, I then arose.

The odour of sweet wild-thyme,
The forest's blooming wild-thyme,
Ah ! shall I breathe again ?
Yes—memory brings it hither,
And saith “ It ne'er shall wither
Whilst I its scent retain ! ”

SONNET. THE CHANGED AND THE
UNCHANGED.

THOU art transformed, thine eyes have lost their power
To waken fond emotion in my breast,
Thy flattering words fall heedless on mine ear,
Nor smiles nor sighs can rob my soul of rest.

Am I inconstant ? No, I'd love thee still
 If friendship's embers could emit a flame,
 If I could whisper to my changeless mind,
 " See, see ! thy long-lost wooer is the same."
 Forgive me, then, if coldly I survey
 Thine altered form—if coldly list thy praise ;
 A chilling frost hath blighted friendship's seed,
 No sunny beam *one* flow'ret now can raise ;
 Then turn, ah ! turn thy laughing eyes away,
 Go, seek for sympathy amidst the gay.

SONNET ON LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

" Yea ! this the love which age again lives o'er,
 And hears the heart beat loud with youth once more !"
" King Arthur."—Sir E. B. LYTTON.

FOND, flattering hope once led me to expect
 That I again should look into those eyes—
 Those faithful mirrors of a beauteous soul—
 Whose bright intelligence e'en time defies !
 Say, did I dream ? or, did they beam on me,
 Seeking responsive feeling in their gaze ?
 I start ! I own they still possess the power
 To lure my heart through love's intricate maze.
 Author of life and light ! great God ! 'tis Thou
 Who mov'st this unknown tremor in my breast ;
 Who wakenest memory to depict a scene—
 A scene Elysian ! worthy of the blest—
 Where love and innocence securely stray,
 Entwined with flow'ry bands which ne'er decay.

JACK ASHORE AND JACK AFLOAT.

Air,—“ La Saraband.”

WHEN Jack lands in foreign parts, sir,
Who's so much at home as he ?
Roving, jesting, fiddling, dancing,
He's the lad for fun and glee !
First a-climbing up church-steeples,
And a-swinging in the air ;
Then a-courting sweet black lasses—
Quite a lover of the fair !
His lingo nought but wit and sport,
His actions nought but life and glee ;
Would you reckon all his frolics,
Count the rolling waves at sea.

But when honest Jack's aboard, sir,
Quite another man is he,
Up the topmast—on the rigging—
Fore and aft he's sure to be.
Ever willing at his duty,
Smart and ready Jack you'll find ;
Honouring his brave commander,
To his messmates good and kind ;
Every night he toasts his Queen, sir,
And puffs away dull care with glee ;
Would you reckon all his virtues,
Count the rolling waves at sea.

Now the schoolmaster's abroad, sir,
 Jack, like other folks, must learn,
 Make his top-lights shine with gas, sir,
 And at steaming take a turn ;
 With these fine new-fangled doings,
 Temp'rance-pledges, when they're true,
 Jack will gladly sail along, sir,
 All his shipmates' good in view ;
 But he never will give up, sir,
 Dancing—singing—his delight :
 For the joyous sons of peace, sir,
 Are the heroes of the fight.

LINES

Suggested by the perusal of Lord John Russell's very eloquent speech, at a public meeting at the Mansion House, convened to adopt resolutions concerning "The Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, in 1851," proposed by His Royal Highness the good Prince Albert.

" —— The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the strings of life and death :
 He walks with nature, and her paths are peace."
YOUNG'S "*Night Thoughts*."

THE arts—the lovely arts of peace,
 Which civilize mankind,
 Which industry and grace display,
 Which cheer the heart and mind.

The noble arts that elevate
A nation's moral power,
That beautifully adorn a land,
Or wealth upon it shower.

And arts more beneficial still,
Conferring means of ease,
Man's labour quickly to fulfil,
His daily wants appease.

These various arts of all our globe
In competition fair,
Will amicable ties increase,
Midst people far and near ;

Will modest merit bring to light,
Which long had lived in vain ;
Which, crushed by ignorance or pride,
In darkness might remain ;

Will energy and life inspire
To genius good and true,
Engage the wondrous hand of man
Great objects to pursue ;

Will gratify our nature's best
Desire of fame—of praise ;
And seeds of emulation sow
For future beams to raise.

Thine was the generous thought, great Prince,
These blessings to bestow,
And teach the useful sons of earth
Their virtuous power to know.

Albert, to thee we render thanks,
We render honour due ;
Bright as thy youth will be thine age,
With Britain's glory evermore in view.

SONNET ON CÆSAREA.

HAIL, Cæsarea ! heavenly-gifted isle !
Long, long may justice, virtue, o'er thee reign ;
And long may gentle freedom, love, and faith,
Rove round thy rocky shore, thy flow'ry plain,
Thy wood-embosomed groves, where music dwells,
Awakening lively joy in grateful minds ;
Attuning sweet content's spontaneous lay,
Whilst labour peaceful recreation finds.
Long, too, may fav'ring gales thy commerce bless—
Commerce ennobled by fair honour's laws,
Inviting to thy spacious, open port,
Each stranger sail thy fame benignant draws.
Hail, Cæsarea—happy, loyal, free—
Long may the brave, the fair inhabit thee !

ABSENT FROM THOSE WE LOVE.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?"

ROBERT BURNS.

ABSENT from those we love, ah ! what can joy impart?
Absent from those we love, can music cheer the heart?
Yes, yes, the strain they warbled oft
Is pleasing to our ear,
For it recalls the tones which now
To mem'ry are most dear.

Come, let me touch the chords, the chords of "Auld
lang syne,"
And dream that Edwie's voice once more unites with
mine.

Blithely he tuned the words
When friends he loved were near—
The words he oft had sung
To Scottish pipes so clear,
In boyhood's laughing sprightly time,
When on the village green
He gave his hand in merry dance
To some fair May-day queen ;
Whilst pipers blew the notes—
The notes of "Auld lang syne,"
And Edwie vow'd the scene
And music were divine.

Come back, ye smiling hours—
Ye hours of mirth and glee ;
Oh ! let my anxious glance
Once more dear Edwie see !
Though fancy oft may sooth the mind,
And lull the bosom's pain,
Yet love still sheds the tender tear,
And sighs to meet again !
Come, then, I'll touch the chords—
The chords of " Auld lang syne,"
And dream that Edwie's voice
Once more unites with mine.

SONNET ON A DISTANT HOME.

How joyous is the sound of home's fond voices,
Though mem'ry can alone their music breathe,
How lively are the smiles which childhood gladden'd—
Those love-inspiring smiles what can bereave ?
Can time or death efface their sweet expression—
Can sorrow drive them from the lonely heart ?
Ah ! no ; 'tis time and death that paint them truly,
And sorrow's pen their charms can best impart !
Distant—far distant from the scene of pleasure,
Where peace and innocence my footsteps led,
Where smiling hope's gay accents drew me onward,
Where happy, flying hours like moments sped !
Yet distant, far from that enchanting scene,
'Tis joy ! 'tis bliss ! to feel I *there* have been !

THE TWO ROSE-BUDS.

“ No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know ;
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe.”

Thoughts of Heaven.

Two rose-buds on a parent tree,
With equal beauty, equal grace,
Displayed that first bright colouring
Which skilful nature loves to trace.

And opening gradually each day
Their petals fair, fresh charms disclosed,
Inviting idlers to compare
Their forms so perfectly composed.

But soon a change came o'er these flowers—
One looked up to the sun so bright,
The other turned away his head,
Disdaining Heaven's blessed light.

And soon its leaves, all drooping, wan,
Shrank from the lively breath of morn,
On the cold earth, at last, it fell,
To fade and perish, quite forlorn !

The other flower, by Heaven caress'd,
Poured its mild fragrance through the air,
Giving its nectar to the bee,
Its germ expanding, good and fair !

Thus have I seen devotion pure
Flourish and bloom—by God upheld ;
Whilst irreligion—lost, despised—
By ministers of wrath was felled !

AH ! LEAVE ME NOT.

“ With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide
And find the ocean of eternal day ? ”

Thoughts of Heaven.

AH ! leave me not—I feel that thou art near,
Melodious streams around me seem to flow,
Birds seem to warble in the gladsome air,
Earth seems with vivid charms to breathe—to glow !

Ah ! leave me not—thy spirit animates
My weary steps, to gain a noble height,
Where I may view a fairer, holier scene,
With lovely peace and joy for ever bright !

Ah ! leave me not—thy soothing care and love
Will gently guide me through the vale of years,
Thy hope, thy faith sublime, in mercy's power,
Will banish from my soul ungodly fears.

CLOUDS.

“Fast they fade,
Less bright the golden hues, they sink away,
Shade follows shade.
And now, ye clouds, in sad and sombre gray,
Ye look like mourners at the tomb of day.”

JOSEPH ANTHONY (*of Manchester.*)

Clouds—ye come o'er Heaven
To shed on earth life-giving power ;
Clouds, to ye 'tis given
To patter gently in a summer shower,
Waking sweet incense from each bud, each flower.

Clouds—ye ride sublime,
Driving contagion through the air !
Clouds—ye task my rhyme
To express the grandeur, which in ye appear,
When with loud thunder-claps ye shake our sphere !

Clouds—ye were my joy,
When far away from love and home,
Ye, were my employ ;
When oft at sun-set I would pensive roam
And picture your strange forms, as beast or gnome !

Clouds—ye gift of Heaven,
How beautiful ye make the sky !
Clouds, whence ye are driven
A mystery ye bear from God on High,
Sounding His power till nature's self shall die !

SONNET ON THE DANGER OF ABUSING
GOD'S PRECIOUS GIFTS.

O ! LORD supreme, my Father ever dear !
 Make me Thy humble servant—yet Thy child ;
 Teach me to tread life's straight or crooked paths
 With heart devoted to Thy precepts mild !
 Let not perplexing thoughts my mind employ,
 Subtle and tintured with a spirit vain,
 Eager to fathom heights and depths untried,
 The world's applause and changeful love to gain !
 For when the intellect is prone to soar
 Beyond the limits of Thy will divine,
 Madness and folly reign in wisdom's stead,
 Usurp her throne, and dim the lustre fine
 Of that bright essence—man's immortal soul,
 The richest gift—the noblest work of Thine !

HEAVENLY GRACE.

"Man works by motive—God by grace."

DR. McNEIL.

MAN—God's humble creature, led by Him can rise
 To power and glory, here below,
 Which emulate the deeds of Heavenly spirits,
 Soaring above pale death and woe !

Man—God's humble creature—left by Him to shape
A crooked and an evil way,
With pride demoniac lifts his guilty head, and dares
Through sin's dark labyrinth to stray !

Reflect, then, mortal man— ah ! why thus led, thus left
By God's eternal, just decree ?
Grace, holy grace the meek receive ; the proud in heart
Nor grace, nor mercy e'er can hope to feel, to see !

ON WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR.

HARK ! they sing a joyful hymn
To welcome in the year ;
And their voices join in praise
Of Christ, whom they revere.

"Tis sweet to hear such breathings
Of holy, pure delight,
In the solemn house of prayer
And silence of the night.

If aught on earth resembles
The sphere where angels dwell,
Whose happy souls in union
All care and grief expel—

It is this fair assembly,
With voices loud and clear,
Imploring Christ their Saviour
To bless the coming year.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

NATURE rejoice! Ye dazzling streams of light
Beam on the mountains, on the waters play,
Whilst ever-listening echo soft repeats
My grateful homage on the new year's-day.

Once more, oh! Lord, Thy wond'rous works I trace
In lofty rocks and in each insect small;
Alike Thy wisdom and alike Thy power
In giving form, or use, or life to all.

How grand the objects which I now survey—
The mighty ocean with its restless waves;
● How deep, how awful when the tempest roars,
And seamen find, alas! their watery graves.

But now, so smooth, it looks a mirror bright,
And seems to meet, far off, th' o'er-arching sky,
Adorned with beauteous, varying clouds, which ne'er
To thankless man their benefits deny.

Oft, as in musings calm, o'er hill and dale
With lively step, with cheerful heart I rove,
Still may my grateful voice to God ascend,
And Him still gladly praise, still humbly love.

Then shall each opening year fresh blessings give,
And gentle piety my soul o'erflow,
Till my adoring, happy spirit finds
The rest above it sought in vain below.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR QUEEN.

Air,—“ Marche des Marseillais.”

“Amour sacré de la patrie
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs,
 Liberté, liberté, chérie !
 Combats avec les défenseurs.”

Hymne des Marseillais.

My brave country—love-inspiring theme—
 Quickly my heart responsive bounds

At the echo of thy glorious voice,
 Which through all the world resounds !

Which through all the world resounds !
 Distant though Britons still may be

From their island, ever green—
 Distant though Britons still may be

From their island, ever green,
 Yet still they raise—still proudly raise

The flag, the flag we love, we prize,
 “Our country and our Queen.”

“Our country and our Queen.”

May our navy long in glory ride
 Bold Neptune’s grand and bright domain !

May our armies guard their native land
 From dishonour’s lasting stain ;

Never may Britain’s shield be held
 A vile traitor’s head to screen—

Never may Britain’s shield be held
 A vile traitor’s head to screen ;

Long may we raise, still proudly raise
 The flag, the flag we love, we prize,

“Our country and our Queen.”

“Our country and our Queen.”

“Our country and our Queen.”

“Our country and our Queen.”

“Our country and our Queen.”

“Our country and our Queen.”

O ! DAFFIN, LEESOME DAFFIN.

Air,—“ Mrs. Coult Trotter’s Favourite.”

O ! DAFFIN, leesome daffin,
 To youth ye gie a cantie grace,
 Whin flawing locks and rosy hue
 Adorn the brow—the sonsie face ;
 I loe the smile—the bonnie smile,
 Sae free frae cankert doot and care,
 It speaks o’ luvè—o’ gleesome thoughts—
 And fairer maks the witching fair !

O ! daffin, dinsome daffin,
 Ye ill wi’ crabbit age agree,
 O ! daffin, pawkie daffin,
 Nae mair ye’ll cheat and pester me !
 Gie me the glow of heartfu’ joy,
 That sets the dancing spirits free,
 And nae the seeming ootward mirth
 Which springs frae daft and senseless glee !

THE VALE OF YEARS.

In the lonely vale of years
 It may be sweet to dwell,
 If bright memory cheer the heart,
 And love exert his spell.

Though beauty's flower may wither,
And hope's gay prospects fade,
Though pain our cot may enter,
And sorrow cast a shade—
Yet religion's ray divine
May charm our souls to rest,
And pour upon our spirit
The incense of the blest !
Yes, yes ! the incense of our fervent pray'rs
May render beauteous e'en the vale of years !

FORGET-ME-NOT.

" Happy days of sweet delight,
Whilst they lived how blest my lot ;
Now they're gone—but in thy sight
Keep my flower—Forget-me-not."
British Press.

OH ! let me bless thy fond love,
The love that joys my heart—
That brightens all around me,
And bids dull care depart—
The love so warm, so faithful,
Through absence, lone and drear,
No longer can I doubt it,
No longer harbour fear !
Then, come, my Edwie, let us choose a spot,
And plant it o'er with sweet " Forget-me-not."

A place where spring's first flow'rets
 Bedeck the velvet green,
Where bright embowering foliage
 The tuneful songsters screen ;
Where gentle love may linger,
 And charm a lonely hour
In silent contemplation
 Of our allusive flower !
Then, come, my Edwie, let us choose the spot,
And plant it o'er with sweet " Forget-me-not."

 " Oh ! the time may soon arrive,
 When, wandering there alone,
The mournful, the forlorn one
 May hear a gentle tone—
Some tender, thrilling accent,
 That whispers from on high,
 " The spirit of the faithful
 Doth never, never die ! "
Come, then, my Edwie, let us choose a spot
To breathe a prayer o'er love's " Forget-me-not."

THE HAPPY COTTAGER.

HOME of my fathers—peaceful, lowly cot,
 Exchange thee for a palace ? no, not I ;
Pleased with my simple, unambitious lot,
 Here was I born, and here I wish to die.

No noisy flatterer enters this retreat,
No haughty guest with supercilious air,
But gentle friends and neighbours kindly meet,
And wayworn travellers bless the homely fare.

Spring's earliest gift, the snowdrop— modest flower—
Blooms round my cot, and roses, woodbines gay ;
Sweet summer spreads a banquet near my bower
For humming bees, for birds, on every spray.

And when keen winter, with bleak snow and wind,
Keeps me a pris'ner 'neath my humble thatch,
The little redbreast comes some crumbs to find,
And shiv'ring beggars lift the well-known latch.

The seasons as they change fresh pleasure bring,
And time advancing his sharp scythe conceals ;
While fair religion, o'er her snowy wing,
Upholds the cross, and christian hope reveals.

THE MOTHER.

WHEN the fond mother anxiously surveys
The lovely infant sleeping in her arms,
Mark how her eye the secret thought betrays
Which now her soul elates and now alarms.

That sparkling ray which darted from her eye
Expressed the hope which animates her breast—
That downcast look, the tear, and stifled sigh,
Are emblems of those fears which banish rest.

Thy hopes, thy fears, fond mother, are not vain,
For joy and sorrow are dispensed to all ;
Then in prosperity from pride abstain,
Nor let the ills of life thy soul appal.

What joy, what happiness awaits the day
When first thy beauteous infant thou shalt see
Run unassisted, tottering away,
Tempted to reach and climb his mother's knee.

But when to speak the lovely child essays,
What quick attention will his mother give,
And treasure all the pretty things he says,
And tell them o'er as long as she doth live.

How will the happy mother's bosom glow
When reason dawns upon her smiling child ;
His opening mind thus like the rose-bud blow,
Expand and bloom luxuriantly wild.

The task how pleasing—the reward how great—
With pious care to lift the soul above,
Where angels round the throne celestial wait
And chant incessant our Redeemer's love !

And if the historic page he loves to read,
Then will his mother clearly point to view
The heroes whom ambition's voice mislead,
And those who virtue's path alone pursue.

Though brave the exploits of Philip's warlike son,
He stained his fame by cruelty and lust ;
And ne'er obtained for all his battles won
So proud a name as Aristides " the Just."

The Roman emperor whom God ordained,
On Israel's sons to execute his ire—
Titus, who signal victories obtained,
Who sacked Jerusalem with sword and fire—

His valour distant ages shall revere,
And time his monument can ne'er decay,
For, registered in Heaven, will appear
The memorable words, " I've lost a day!"

The British prince, in sable armour clad,
Who fought at Poitiers and Cressy's field,
Yet in the midst of glory he was sad
To see the King of France his freedom yield.

Wolsey, whose bold and haughty mind aspired
To place Rome's tiara upon his head ;
When with the pangs of conscience he expired,
And writhed in horror on his guilty bed,

Stung with repentance for his errors past,
With faltering accents, thus he mournful said—
" My treacherous king forsakes me at the last,
Not so my God, had I His voice obeyed !"

Such truths as these the mother will impart,
With love of virtue to inspire her son—
To fix her moral precepts in his heart,
And teach him mad ambition's path to shun.

But when proud science nature's laws reveal,
What admiration will the youth express ;
While his fond mother equal joy shall feel
To hear her son the power of God confess !

The planets rolling in their destined course,
Led by attraction through the viewless air
To that bright orb of light and heat, the source
Whose force repels them from approaching near.

This system, wonderful as it appears,
The Almighty's power infinite does not prove ;
But view on high the vast unnumbered spheres
Which round their central orbs in order move—

Then say how trifling is all human praise,
The works of our Creator to admire,
Angels alone their heavenly voices raise
With transport, such as deeds like His inspire !

Thus the fond mother, with assiduous care,
Instructs her son his Maker to adore,
While angels bright rewards for her prepare
Where virtuous souls in bliss dwell evermore !

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE.

MINE was a sunny path in life's fair morn,
And flowers of sweet affection round me grew,
Fann'd with light zephyr's wing, freshen'd with dew,
Brightened with rays from Heaven, which adorn

Those fragrant blossoms yet untouched, untorn
 By winter's killing winds, that leave but few
 Of those bright buds, so pleasing once to view—
 The few all scatter'd, wither'd, and forlorn.
 Alas ! that time such ravages should make,
 My flowery path he ruthlessly destroyed ;
 He made the cheerful songsters all forsake
 The blissful bowers, where they once enjoyed
 A lively concert of sweet praise t' awake—
 Praises divine, that nature never cloyed !

SONNET.

"Weep not; he is not dead, but sleepeth."

St. Luke, chap. viii.

"THE will of Heaven be done!" we meekly breathe
 Whilst, weeping, o'er thine early tomb we bend—
 "The will of Heaven be done"—alas ! though we
 That will mysterious cannot comprehend.

Bright were the virtues which adorned thy mind—
 Noble the mould in which thy form was cast ;
 Those virtues fair and that majestic form
 Too quickly from our anxious sight have pass'd !

Now, soaring high above this lowly sphere,
 Thy blessed spirit may our sorrow view,
 May mark the unavailing sigh—the tear,
 Yet joy in Heaven o'er hearts devoutly true !

SWEET IS THE SONG—THE PLAINTIVE SONG.

" My heart first learned to love thee
In the gloom of sorrow's shade,
And the sun that shone above thee
First my pathway joyous made."

J. E. CARPENTER.

SWEET is the song—the plaintive song
That gently flows from grief sincere ;
And sweet the song—the lively song
That gladdens love's indulgent ear.
Such were the notes you sang to me,
In sunny and in gloomy days ;
Well pleased if an approving glance
Repaid your loving, artless lays.

No other praise your heart desired,
You tuned your voice for me alone,
And knew a whisper, soft and clear,
Would echo every tender tone.
'Twas love that taught the sweet accord—
He fondly taught it o'er and o'er—
The words which breathed his inmost thoughts,
The gentle sighs which breathed still more.

But soon amidst the busy world—
Soon timid love, affrighted, flew ;
A dazzling image then arose,
So bright, so fair, you thought it true ;

But when the phantom you caress'd,
It faded quickly in your arms ;
No feeling heart—no soul was there—
And false were all its boasted charms.

By sorrow and misfortune press'd,
Again the lonely path you rove
Where first our happy smiles disclosed
Pure, ever-blooming, faithful love.
And there you find the truant still—
Oh ! soothing, blest return—
He'll guard our hearts from every ill,
And grace our mutual urn.

FAREWELL, OH ! FAREWELL, LOVE !

“ The grave will soon receive me—
Soon hide my drooping frame ;
Oh ! think upon my constant love,
Do not forget my name.”

MISS HURLEY.

FAREWELL, oh ! farewell, love,
Yet turn thine eyes on me—
Oh ! turn them once again, love,
Ere I for ever flee.
Thy pitying look of anguish
My solace soon must be,
When far from thee I languish,
No eye my grief to see.

Yes, yes ! an eye will view, love,
The tears in secret shed,
And virtue may bring peace, love,
Though mirth and song be fled ;
Then calm will be our sorrows,
And soft our bosom's pain,
If, in a bright eternity,
We hope to meet again !

THE MIDNIGHT MUSE.

"Without a star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him."

YOUNG'S "*Consolations*."

SPIRIT benign, who sooths in midnight dull
The weary vigils of desponding thought—
Whose gentle accents breathe into my soul
Poetic sounds and images, unsought ;

Beloved muse, let my discordant lyre
Thy touch harmonious happily deign to prove,
Leave thy sweet tones upon the trembling strings,
To waken sacred faith or holy love !

And when at last my feeble voice and hand,
By age o'ercome, shall lose their living fire,
Ere my pulse stops at death's supreme command,
May resignation breathe soft hymns of peace,
And harmonize my loved, though tuneless lyre.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

THE leaf—the yellow autumn leaf—
With unconcern we view,
When life seems dawning with bright smiles,
And pleasure's path is new.

The leaf—the yellow autumn leaf—
We mark with pain, with fear,
When love hath wandered from our side,
And sorrow's shade is near.

The leaf—the yellow autumn leaf—
It startles us with dread,
When peace and joy expiring lie,
And hope, alas! hath fled.

But, ah! that leaf we view serene
When time doth calmly move,
Bringing religion to our aid
Its heavenly charms to prove.

O! then that leaf our fate portrays,
It withereth—it dies;
But faith expands her sun-bright wing,
And bears it to the skies!

GODLY HOPE.

“——— Away, ye vain!

Your hopes, your fears in doubt—in dulness steep,
To sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the solace of eternal sleep!”

MASON'S “*Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry.*”

Joyous sounds of peace and love,
Come, my waiting soul to cheer,
Such as angels chant above,
In reply to fervent pray'r.

Hark! they whisper “Here's thy home,
Wander not from this bright sphere,
Ne'er again thy steps must roam
Through dark paths of doubt and fear.

“Lift thine eyes with faith sincere,
Raise thy voice with holy zeal,
Gloom and mist shall disappear,
Godly hope thy heart shall feel!”

Long-lost objects now draw near,
Clothed in purity so bright,
Stars grow dim where they appear
Beaming with celestial light!

“Come,” these heavenly spirits say,
“Faith thine errors will atone,
Sister, view that gracious ray—
Come, and kneel at mercy's throne!”

FAITH TRIUMPHANT.

“ There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am
and whom I serve, saying, ‘ Fear not, God hath given thee all
them that sail with thee ! ’ ”

Acts, chap. XXVII.

I LOVE to pierce the gloomy shades of time
With faithful memory—my gracious aid,
Who oft reveals the fruitless hopes and fears
Which now I look upon, surprised—dismayed !
Yet, Lord, whilst sailing in a dangerous sea,
Kind mercy heard the prayer I breathed to Thee !

How many storms my gallant bark hath braved,
Though rent with rocks a harbour fair it found,
Riding triumphant o’er the rolling waves,
Whilst awful graves were yawning all around.
For, Lord, when sailing in a dangerous sea,
Kind mercy heard the prayer I breathed to Thee !

Safely in port, I see the waters swell,
They foam, they rage, yet still I tempt the main ;
Hope views the compass, and faith guides the helm—
I feel my bark will reach the land again.
For, Lord, whilst sailing in this dangerous sea,
Kind mercy hears the prayer I breathe to Thee.

TO MIRTH.

I court thee not, gay mirth—thy sprightly tone,
Thy jest and laughter, have no charms for me ;
Though once I greeted thee with dance and song,
That well accorded with thy minstrelsy ;
But now thy pipe and viol give no pleasure,
My voice responds not to their lively measure.

Away, away ! with all thy noisy train,
With rosy health with dimpled joy away ;
Haste to yon plain, and round that spreading tree
Thy cheerful sports and active feats display.
Here will I sit, and when the breeze is sighing,
List to the mingled sounds around me flying.

Calmly I'll sit, and view the distant scene,
A faithful miniature of human life ;
How soon gay mirth and smiling joy depart,
While patience yields to folly, meddling strife ;
And various passions are each heart invading,
Till age, like eve, comes o'er the landscape fading.

HE CANNOT COME TOO LATE.

He cannot come too late !

The hand of friendship and the smile
Will greet him, warm and true,
Unnumbered joys his coming wait ;
The heart sincere—devoid of guile,
Will former vows renew.

He cannot come too late !

Those early and endearing ties
Unite us, though apart ;
For absence never can abate
The love still beaming in our eyes—
Still panting in our heart.

He cannot come too late !

Affection smiles his voice to hear—
His bounding step to see,
And blames malignant, cruel fate,
Who viewed the sad—the silent tear
Shed by her stern decree.

He cannot come too late !

Pleasure will meet him on his way,
And lead him to her bower,
Where love and friendship, quite elate,
Their festive powers will display
To charm each passing hour.

He cannot come too late !
Unless the fatal dart of death
Forth to her bosom flies ;
Ah ! then, alas ! he comes too late—
Though with her weak, her failing breath
She blesses him, and dies.

SONNET.

A CARPET for my feet,
And a pillow for my head ;
A cheerful fire in wint'ry days,
A table gaily spread.

These, these are all thy gifts, O ! bounteous Lord,
And with devoted heart a song I'll raise,
If Thou exalt my voice, O ! Power divine,
Thy gracious acts, Thy heavenly name to praise.

Sweet peace, the bosom's loveliest guest,
And innocence and ease
Are ever smiling round my path,
And try, by turns, to please ;
Whilst memory, too, with many a sportive wile,
The bygone tales of other days relate,
Which age delights to hear, and radiates with a smile.

The robin fed beneath my porch,
His little throat oft swells
To pay me with a grateful strain,
That many a strain excels;
So may my humble, penitential sigh,
Breathed through the solemn stillness of the night,
Win favour from my guardian angel nigh.

ON E. V., THE FAIR PENITENT.

I KNEW her, innocent and young,
Her graceful, waving tresses hung
Upon her shoulders fair;
Her voice was sweet, her eyes were bright,
Her bosom glow'd with fond delight,
For then no guilt was there.

But now, I look around with shame,
And tremble when I hear her name—
Which oft is breathed with scorn;
Yet friendship sheds a silent tear,
And pours forth many an ardent pray'r
For her, alas! forlorn.

And fondly still I hope to learn
That God hath made her soul discern
The error of its ways;
And now, relinquishing her sin,
Conscience—the monitor within—
Her fainting heart doth raise.

To Christ with humble faith she kneels,
And His redeeming spirit feels
Reviving in her breast;
With holy thoughts her bosom glows—
With thoughts that lull her to repose,
And calm her woes to rest.

To sin no more in bondage now,
Sweet peace sits smiling on her brow,
And former joy restores;
Whilst friendship's voice again she hears,
Fond pleasure to her soul it bears,
Then blessings virtue pours—

Virtue—sweet soother of all care—
In deep affliction then most fair,
And then a sure relief.
From virtue may I never part,
But hold her firmly to my heart
In happiness or grief!

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

WARBLE, sweet bird, another melting strain,
Breathe out thy little heart in plaintive sound,
Thou dost not warble to thy mate in vain,
Responsive feeling in her breast is found.

Unlike the world's cold, calculating love,
No selfish, guilty pang invades thy breast;
Freedom and truth thy little bosoms move,
Thy loves are innocent—thy hearts are blest.

LINES

Addressed to a favourite of the Muses—a Private of the Depôt
19th Regiment, at Jersey.

ONE who, like thee, hath felt the pow'rful charm
Of soothing grief with poetry's kind aid,
Now tries to tune a long-neglected lyre—
A lyre, alas! that ne'er sweet music made.

Yet still some chords may breathe a simple strain
To animate thy plaintive, virtuous lay;
Some sounds of praise deserved may please thine ear,
And lure thee not to cast Heaven's gift away.

The precious gift of an enlightened mind,
A heart to feeling and to virtue true;
Gracing thy station—leading others on
The lovely path of wisdom to pursue,

Then oft, as contemplation guides thy steps
Through silent shades, or on the rocky shore,
May thy soft flowing verse take higher range,
Rising in hymns thy Maker to adore.

ON SPRING.

“The laughing scenes
Of purple spring, where all the wanton train
Of smiles and graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hands they shower
Ambrosial blooms and flowers.”

REV. THOMAS WARTON.

SPRING—bright, verdant, rosy spring—
Comes shedding o’er the earth
Spangle-drops of sunny rain,
To give her flow’rets birth.

See the glossy leaves expand,
The blossoms fair unfold,
Breathing fragrance through the air,
Creating charms untold!

Sing, O! sing, ye new-fledged choir,
To usher in sweet spring;
Whisper praise, ye murmuring streams,
Bid love and hope take wing.

Over hill and dale they fly,
Awakening gentle peace,
Whilst strong labour’s willing hand
Earth’s bounteous gifts increase.

Peeping forth at early dawn—
Youth loves to ramble then,
Plucking blossoms from each bough
And flow’rets from each glen.

Spring, why haste ye thus, so soon—
Why pass so fleet away ?
Wooded by innocence and love,
Stay, heavenly spring, oh, stay !

LOVE AND TRUTH.

"Thou hast not changed in heart or look, to be
One of earth's many cold and strange to me."

FRANCES BROWN, *Edinburgh.*

SWEET words of love, ye answer to my thoughts,
With mystic power ye animate my mind,
To cast away the shroud of dark despair,
And in life-giving hope some comfort find !

Ah ! what avail the murmur and the sigh—
The bitter tears that oft, unbidden, flow ?
They nurture sorrow—check the humble faith
Which views aright vain, transient scenes below.

Come, then, contentment, search life's barren field
For germs of love and truth, that faintly rise ;
Plant them within thy heart—tend them with care,
They'll ope their blossoms, like fair angel eyes !

THANKSGIVING, AND PRAYER FOR GOD'S
MERCIES.

"I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my
salvation; my God will hear me."

Micah, chap. vii.

WHAT though my heart be sad, yet thence may flow
Some gentle stream to vivify the mind—
To elevate it from the dust of earth,
And in Heaven's glorious rays bright nurture find.

Descend, descend, thou Power supreme—divine,
Upon a feeble voice inclined to raise
Soft sounds to lull deep sorrow's piercing woe,
To waken humble prayer and lofty praise.

O! may fair reason calm and clear remain,
Fixed in her seat mysterious, till my breath,
Expiring, heaves that sad and startling groan
Which nature prompts at sight of thee, O! death.

Till then may sweet contentment ever dwell
Within the deep recesses of my heart;
Still may I shed compassion's tender tear,
Still may I bear in mirth a lively part.

And let me glean from life's expansive field—
The good, the beauteous, ever springing there—
The grain, so useful for our daily use—
And flowers—kind Heaven's lov'd gift—so sweet, so
fair!

TO DEVOTION.

O ! PURE devotion, lift my soul to Heaven,
Disperse each worldly thought in viewless air ;
O ! let thy spirit animate my heart,
O ! let thy praise my fervent voice declare !

Sublime devotion's influence alone
Subdues the haughty, the rebellious mind,
And guides the contrite, earnestly devout—
Immortal joy !—eternal grace to find !

Thy paths, devotion, beam with holy rays,
Which true repentance views afar through tears ;
Intent, by faith, the promised land to gain,
How vain the world's seductive scene appears !
Ah ! then, devotion, lead me to thy spring,
And o'er my soul its " living water " fling.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FATHER.

FAIR though she be—though every gentle grace
Your infant daughter's lovely form adorn,
Yet, dwell not on those transient charms that fade,
And fleetly vary like an April morn ;
For round the wreath where rose and lily shine
The lovely heart's-ease seldom doth entwine.

With all a father's fondness you invoke
Virtue, to guide and bless your darling child ;
Then, on th' unsullied tablet of her mind
Imprint religion's precepts, meek and mild ;
They will a shield to female virtue prove,
And blunt the poisoned darts of lawless love.

So may the beauty you delight to view,
In all her words, in all her actions live ;
Though sickness pale the lustre of her eyes,
Though time with iron wand his warnings give ;
While to your memory grateful tears will flow,
Who taught her mercy's word divine to know.

A THANKSGIVING.

"Thou hast granted me life and favour, and Thy visitation
hath preserved my spirit."

Job, chap. x.

AROUND me zephyrs soft are blowing,
Above me Heaven is shining bright ;
Love seems, with smiling eyes, bestowing
His golden rays of purest light ;
Fair nature's liveliest tints are beaming,
Sweet voices float upon the air ;
Of joy divine my soul is dreaming,
It mounts beyond the reach of care.

Hark, hark ! I hear melodious singing—
Soft hymns of piety and peace,
In angel voices, gently ringing,
Praise, holy praise, that ne'er should cease.

For mercy's theme is everlasting,
Still flowing brighter, brighter still,
Like ocean's wave, in constant motion —
Constant as God's eternal will !

LINES

On the visit of His Majesty the King of Prussia (Frederick William IV), accompanied by Mrs. Fry, to the gaol of Newgate, January 31st, 1842.

PRISONERS in body and in mind,
Ye hapless followers of sin,
How beat your woeful, heavy hearts,
How strove your consciences within,
When royalty and virtue knelt
To breathe for you a pray'r they felt ?

For you, ye abject and forlorn—
For you a warm petition rose,
Nor did a kingly voice disdain
To call for mercy on your woes ;
While virtue, with a voice benign,
Implor'd the clemency divine.

Prisoners in body—not in mind—
 Did Christ impart religion's love,
 And did you raise your worldly souls
 To purity and bliss above,
 To think a mighty monarch came
 Within your walls to breathe God's name ?

'Twas virtue led him there to feel
 The greatest blessing Heaven bestows—
 A faith that rests upon God's word
 In humble and in deep repose.
 How little earthly prospects seem
 While Heaven's bright sunbeams o'er us gleam ;
 Prisoners in body—not in mind—
 Seek Christ, and ye will comfort find.

SONNET.

"Girt with gloom, and silence-bound,
 Within the lonely churchyard ground,
 With icy heart and blacken'd brow,
 I could not be more lone than now."

THOMAS SPARKES, 19th *Dépôt*.

Yes, be it so, we may not raise the veil
 Woven by nature round the human heart,
 Keeping each bitter feeling in the shade—
 Feelings in which the world can bear no part.

For, like the Israelitish priest of old,
To God alone the bosom-wounds displayed,
Though the world's tribes may dance or kneel
without,
The soul's dark sanctuary they ne'er invade.

There the repentant sinner may retire.
Weep o'er the past—win mercy from above ;
Whilst the warm gushing tears that freely flow,
Are surest pledges of the Saviour's love.

LINES

Addressed to a Private, 19th Depôt.

HAPPY minstrel, mayst thou find
Beaming in thy pensive mind,
Thoughts that with devotion glow ;
May the stream of grace divine
Through thy soul serenely shine,
Through thy dulcet verses flow ;

Cleansing from thy heart the stain
Of those wishes weak and vain
Human nature grieves to own ;
And when health with rosy hue
Youthful spirit shall renew,
Happy minstrel, then make known

How a christian voice should raise
Hymns of triumph—hymns of praise
To the Lord, whose shield is spread
O'er the humble, downcast head—
O'er the sentinel that waits
Till Aurora opes the gates,
Ushering in that glorious morn
When salvation's light will dawn !

THE MORTAL AND THE IMMORTAL.

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial ; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another."

St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, chap. xλ.

SHALL the voice, the thrilling voice be mute,
The flowing song be o'er ?
Shall the sweet breath yield to death's stern power,
And charm love's ear no more ?

Yes, the soul, the angel soul will fly
To its bright home on high ;
Whilst the heavenly voice will hymn God's praise,
Enraptured, through the sky !

Mourner, look up, and thy woe will cease—
Look up with faith above ;
View the lost one, blest in Heaven's grace—
Blest with eternal love !

A VISION.

" *La Bianca amica di Titone,*
Suol de' sogni confusi torre il velo."

PETRARCA.

'Twas morn, and sleep had o'er mine eyelids stolen—
Calm, silent sleep, refreshing every sense—
When, gently wafted by angelic power,
I gained, methought, the abode of faith—far hence.

Supreme in majesty the mansion stood,
Celestial glory shining all around,
When faith, reclining on a cross, appear'd,
Her dazzling robe, her tresses fair unbound.

"No outward forms of grace," she said, "I prize,
The heart, the faithful heart to me be given;
I'll loose the treasure from its earthly ties—
I'll purify it for a place in Heaven!"

"Oft in the desert waste, 'mid rocks and sands,
Oft in the dungeon-dark, 'mid bolts and bars,
I raise the spirit pure from deep despair
To wing its way to yon resplendent stars.

"Yet now, alas! I turn my mournful eyes
O'er Erin's isle, where craft usurps my power,
Where dark, insidious guile his trammel spreads
In every lonely grove and leafy bower.

" But Erin's sons the traitors will unmask,
And cast them in oblivion's gloomiest cell,
Their deeds, their names, unnoticed, soon will pass,
And I with happy Erin then may dwell."

She ceased—and waving her seraphic wings,
Sublime in air I saw her swiftly rise,
Whilst flowers breathed perfume, birds delighted sang,
And downy sleep forsook mine opening eyes.

PITY'S TEAR.

How soothing is the gentle tear that falls
When lovely pity breathes her tender woe,
Sweet as the warbling of the night-bird's song
In plaintive melody—as soft and low !
Though radiantly may beam the tear of joy,
Flowing o'er rosy cheek and bosom fair,
Displaying tacitly the hidden love
Which modesty had veiled in calm despair ;
And the o'erwhelming grief's sad tear may rise,
Lamenting every torment of the heart—
Fond friendship's broken ties, sweet love betray'd,
Or death's dark horrors and relentless dart ;
Yet pity's tear doth more benignly flow—
The graceful tribute to another's woe !

THE MIDDY'S YARN.

AIR,—“*The Opera Hat.*”

I'm a spicy little mid,
Loyal, brave, and *debonnair*,
With an eye to daunt a foe,
And a glance to charm the fair ;
I can rock myself to sleep
Upon a topmast shroud,
When the waves roll mountains high,
And the stormy wind pipes loud.

Then for making a sea-pie,
Ah ! who with me can vie ?
And for flavouring lobscouse
All the world I may defy !
Then a gun I bravely serve,
And a pirate chase with glee ;
Oh ! I wish you saw my grace
When the ladies I set free.

As for loyal songs and toasts,
I am quite a famous blade,
For my head and heart, by Jove,
Of true British stuff are made.
So “ Blue Jackets,” let us give—
And “ Our sturdy wooden walls,”
Which are proud to be afloat
When our gallant country calls.

Another verse, my messmates,
Come, now, I'll volunteer—
For ridicule, you well know,
'Tis most valiant not to fear ;
Whenever dangers menace,
Flinch not, but look above ;
Brace your standard on with faith
In the God of peace and love !

ON A YACHT.

O ! come, lovely zephyr, come float o'er the main,
As graceful as Nereide, that poets oft feign ;
Now rising sublime on a silvery wave,
Then dashing 'midst spray, and thus, swan-like, to
lave ;
Now racing as famed Atalanta of old,
When lured by Hesperian apples of gold ;
Then calmly at rest, on a mirror so bright,
Reflecting thy figure in Heaven's clear light ;
Now dancing as gaily as nymph on the plain,
O ! come, lovely zephyr, come float o'er the main !

WHERE ARE THE HOPES ?

"This is the victory that overcometh the world; even our faith."

1st Epistle of John, chap. v.

WHERE are the hopes that brightly dawn'd
When love and life were new—
When fancy every passing hour,
Enchanting pictures drew—
When rural dance and fairy bells,
Lovely sylphs and laughing elves,
Led me over hills and dells?

Where are the dark, the threatening clouds
That o'er my pathway frown'd,
When, wreck'd upon a barren coast,
Hope's fragile bark was found—
When hollow sound from gloomy cell,
Or spectre sad, with mournful yell,
Haunted me, o'er hill and dell?

Vanish'd alike are mirth's gay scene
And misery's awful hour;
Divine religion calmly rose—
They yielded to her power!
Alarmed no more at solemn knells,
Pensive, I list the passing bells
Which faintly sound o'er hills and dells.

HERE'S SUCCESS TO OUR FAIR BRITISH
QUEEN.

AIR,—“ *Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear.*”

HERE's success to our fair British Queen,
To our kindred and friends, brave and free,
Here's success to the girl of our heart, whose bright
smile
We think on when far off at sea, Mary.
Though round us rude billows may heave,
And death whistle loud in the wind,
Still love, faithful love bids us look up aloft,
And a calm in our bosoms we find, Mary !

Here's success to our fair British Queen,
To our kindred and friends, brave and free,
Here's success to the girl of our heart, whose bright
smile
We think on when far off at sea, Mary.
But when with a fierce pirate gang
We fight for our honour—our life,
Then love, gentle love bids us shorten the scene
Of the carnage, the groans, and the strife, Mary.

Here's success to our fair British Queen,
To our kindred and friends, brave and free,
Here's success to the girl of our heart, whose bright
smile
We think on when far off at sea, Mary

But, oh ! when right homeward we steer,
With a steady—a favouring gale,
Blithe love bids us gaze on our dear native shore,
Where our wives and our sweethearts we hail, Mary !

ON LIFE.

“Go ye also into the vineyard ; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive.”

St. Matthew, chap. xx.

LIFE, much-lov'd fleeting life, as age approacheth
Thy cares, thy sorrows seem to fade away ;
And not e'en pain's acute, stern pow'r availeth
To make us weary of thy lengthened stay.

Each coming spring in fairer hue appeareth
To our poor languid hearts—our failing sight ;
And whilst the lovely face of nature cleareth,
New hopes, new pleasures heighten our delight.

Some fond delusion evermore is leading
Onward, still onward to calm ease, to rest ;
But when of life's long course we're vainly dreaming
Our mother-earth recalls us to her breast.

Waken us, Lord, to better sense awaken—
To sense of our dependence upon Thee ;
Let us not slumber, by Thy grace forsaken,
Nor our great danger—our deliv'rance see !

O ! may the chant of birds—that now resoundeth
In dulcet notes harmonious through the air—
O, may each perfumed flower that now buddeth,
Invite us, Lord, Thy mercy to declare !

Ah ! what avails the syren voice which fieth
Away, away, when we would fain draw nigh ?
Ah ! what avails the changing scene which glideth
From dark to light and then from low to high ?

Behold ! the Lord's eternal day now cometh
When His fierce anger will the wicked smite !
Behold ! the Lord's eternal day now cometh
When His pure beams the holy will enlight !

Prepare, prepare ! the precious gifts availing—
The gifts of peace, of faith, of heavenly love ;
Then, crown'd with bliss, with sin no more assailing,
May we unite in joyous hymns above !

FREE TRANSLATION OF PETRARCA'S 28TH
SONETTO.

“Solo, e pensoro i più disertî campi.”

ALONE and pensive, o'er the dreary waste,
With measured pace, I wend my tardy way ;
Where human footstep ne'er impressed the sand,
On solitude intent, I fain would stray—

Anxious my mournful aspect to conceal
From those who follow mirth's gay, laughing crew—
Whose boist'rous tones my plaintive accents mar,
Which breathe a strain to melancholy true.

But though the rugged rocks and mountains wild
Blend with the lonely temper of my mind,
Yet still no respite of my bosom's woe
Midst pathless plains or deserts waste I find;
No rock so lofty, and no vale so low,
But love pursues me wheresoe'er I go!

ON THE NATIVITY OF OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR.

"Through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us."

St. Luke, chap. i.

LORD, shall sweet incense now no more ascend
Upon thy blest—thy natal day?
Shall not the holy harps which Thou once tuned
Burst forth in wild ecstatic lay?

Inspire, O! Lord, Thy willing servant's voice
To breathe a strain devout and clear,
Worthy the glory of Thy sacred name—
The name we humbly love, we fear!

Lo ! Cæsarea's guardian angels bright
A carol new and pure desire—
The grateful offering of Thy chosen band
Saved from the late contagion dire.

Sound, sound, ye instruments,* sound strains of
praise,
Lift up an earnest, joyful note ;
O ! may it through the lofty air ascend,
And o'er the clouds serenely float.

Thou great disposer of all human hearts,
Assist us on Thy natal day
With universal grace, with heavenly love,
In faith, in peace, to sing and pray.

OUR HOME BEYOND THE GRAVE.

"Ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your
graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves."

Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii.

THOU, mighty Lord—Thou, Thou alone canst raise
The spirit of devotion in my heart,
Which glows too warmly for this fleeting world—
This world from whence I must so soon depart ;

* Christmas bells.

And though no longer I can fondly view
The natal scene of forest, vale, and stream,
Yet here, far distant, on a rocky shore
Where billows break—of peaceful home I dream ;
O ! let that home extend beyond the grave—
Be with me, Lord, to comfort and to save !

The seasons, as they change, oft bear away
Some face familiar, which we lov'd to see—
That smiled upon us in our daily path,
Like spring's bright sunbeams o'er a southern lea ;
Some voice, too, silent rests by death's decree,
Which once expressed the tend'rest thought of love,
And lulled our homes to that serenity—
The attribute of blissful souls above !
O ! let such homes extend beyond the grave,
Be with us, Lord, to comfort, and to save !

And when in eve's lone, meditative hour,
Floating on wild imagination's wing,
My thoughts ascend to God's eternal throne,
And of His glory I presume to sing.
Forgive, O ! Lord, the vain, the feeble lay—
Forgive unhallowed lips which dare aspire,
That mighty power, that wisdom to proclaim,
Fit theme alone for pure angelic choir !
Yet still with Thee, to comfort and to save,
We seek, O ! Lord, our home beyond the grave.

CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR.

"Ye shall have a song as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept, and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the mighty one of Israel."

Isaiah, chap. xxx.

O ! LORD, through grace, a new year brightly dawns—
Though dark the future be to our dim sight,
Yet why should we desire a clearer view ?
Thy revelations yield sufficient light ;
And, Lord, whate'er Thy high behests decree
Of good or evil upon us to fall,
O ! may we bow in deep humility,
Nor vainly seek Thy purpose to recall !

We know that oft a flow'ry path may lead
To scenes of abject misery and woe,
Where falsehood secretly a net doth weave
Which vice triumphant spreads, nor fears to show ;
Whilst the lone, thorny track or pathless wild,
The mountain steep, the rock, or barren shore,
May to the lovely haunts of virtue guide,
Repaying all our toil there to explore !

Then grant us, Lord, submission to Thy will,
For that is wisdom, that is holy rest ;
In all our trials meekly let us say,
"To God in faith we bend—He knoweth best !"

So shall sweet hope and peace our minds display,
As onward through the passing year we move,
Eager "a goodly heritage" to gain
In Thy blest realm of endless joy and love !

THE BOLD ROVER.

"A wicked messenger falleth into mischief; but a faithful ambassador is health."

Proverbs, chap. xiii.

LET the bold rover cross the Atlantic main,
Let him explore the western forest's shade,
Encounter nature in a savage form—
With gallant plumes, with skins of beasts array'd ;
In foreign cities let him fearless roam
Amidst the rude, the polish'd of mankind,
Where pomp and misery various scenes display,
Where wisdom labours—folly sits reclined.

Then let the rover mark in ev'ry clime
That virtue and that vice may there be found,
That hate distils his poison in each land,
Whilst love strews beauteous flow'rs and fruits
around.

Oh ! may the rover, as he journeys on,
Place near his heart fair virtue's brightest flower,
Bear it in triumph to his native home,
And plant it round his social, festive bower !

ON THE DEATH OF A GOOD CHRISTIAN.

" Oh ! the last, last ; what ? Can words express,
thought reach, the last, last silence of a friend."

YOUNG.

No more I'll seek thee midst the blossoms sweet

It was thy pride to rear—

Thy garden like thy mind replete

With fragrant flowers budding there ;

No more I'll seek thee in thy social seat,

Thy faithful dog so near—

Mute, fond companion, at thy feet,

Waiting thy smile, thy meal to share ;

No more I'll seek thee in the path well known

Which leads to that loved fane,

Where hours in heavenly peace have flown,

Thy spirit free from earthly chain ;

Lone is thy garden, lone thy social seat,

And lone thy widow true !

But, happy spirit, may we meet,

A holier friendship to renew,

Where peace eternal, joy complete,

And Heaven's bright myriads bless our view.

COME TO OUR HEARTHES.

AIR,—“*Rousseau's Dream.*”

“No saints in the calendar so holy as the freemen who
fight for their hearths and their altars. . . . England's
ramparts are her men; and her strongest castles are her widest
plains.”

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S “*Harold.*”

COME to our hearths!—O! come, ne'er doubt us,
Britons love the good—the wise;
Let no disguise of mind or person
Veil thee from our open eyes;
For Britons, kind and generous ever,
Faithless compacts will depise!

No espionage shall here molest thee,
Free as air thy thoughts may be,
For Britons leave the heart's recesses
God to probe—and God to see!
Come to our hearths, then—come, ne'er doubt us,
Britons generous are, and free!

Loyal to our Queen, Victoria,
Proud to own her gracious sway;
The flowery band love twines around us
Wintry winds can ne'er decay;
For in the stormy hour of danger,
Faith and valour we'll display!

OCH ! DID YOU KNOW DUBLIN ?

AIR,—“ *St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.*”

“ If we are not to laugh at the rogues, we must whip them.”

John Bull.

OCH ! did you know Dublin in those glorious times
When wit was quite nat'ral—when babes spoke in
rhymes—

When Paddy loved mirth, and despised dirty crimes—

His glee and his wit brightly dawning ?

He'd trip up the watch, their lanterns he'd hide,
Then spring up their rattles, to wake 'em beside ;
For, och ! 'twas his joy, his honour, his pride,
To make glorious fun through the world all so wide
On St. Patrick's Day in the morning !

But now he must listen to spaches quite dozy,
O'Brien's so hot, and O'Connor's so prosy,
Instead of bright whiskey to make him quite cozy,

His janius for frolic adorning !

He's bored for his tribute, his pike he must clane,
His brains they are bother'd about the fair Quane,
Whilst his darlint and childre are ragged and lane,
No pig to look grand in his cabin is sane,

On St. Patrick's Day in the morning !

Our brither, the Saxon, so slake and so sly,
Wid a shrug of his shoulther, a blink of his eye,
Says, “ Paddy, your can, like your wit, sames quite dry,

Though your frolicsome sason is dawning ;

Come, cheer up, my lad, and handle your spade,
Don't be axing the Frinch to come to your aid,
But look to your pratees, or fait, I'm afraid,
You'll be mate for the crows, or the Liffey ye'll wade,
On St. Patrick's Day in the morning !"

ON HOPE.

AROUND my cot sweet, ever-blooming hope,
With dew o'erspangled by Heaven's gracious rays,
Proves a kind shelter from misfortune's gale,
And cheers the lonely winter of my days ;
For oft gay, tuneful birds upon it rest,
Chanting their matin or their vesper song,
Whilst soothing pleasure gladdens my calm breast,
Uninterrupted by a heartless throng.
And oft some lovely, unsought bud peeps forth,
Whilst every full-blown flower from hope doth fall ;
Ah ! then how sweet each rising charm appears,
When memory sadly may the past recall.
Compare the present calm with bitter tears,
With fading hopes, with gloomy doubts and fears.

SWEET KATE, WHEN I LEAVE YOU.

AIR,—“*Toby Philpot.*”

SWEET Kate, when I leave you to brave the deep main,
When your sighs are all hush'd and your smiles beam
again,

Oh ! linger sometimes where you bade me adieu—
Where you echoed my vows to be loving and true ;
Then breathe a soft pray'r that again we may meet,
And there in sweet union our fond vows repeat.

How oft, my fair girl, when the mid watch I keep,
My sad thoughts hover o'er ye whilst calmly asleep ;
Ah ! then should my deep sighs, in dreams, reach your
ear,

Should you gently awaken with sorrow, with fear,
Then breathe a soft prayer that again we may meet,
With hearts in sweet union our vows to repeat.

In this dear assurance, sweet Kate, I shall sail,
No dark falsehood to daunt me—no care to assail ;
With trust in your faithful, your innocent love,
And with faith in the warm pray'rs you offer above,
On the anchor of hope I shall joyfully lean
Whilst I brave the deep sea for my country and Queen.

LOVE AND REASON.

"True love strikes root in reason—passion's foe :

Virtue alone entenders us for life :

I wrong her much—entenders us for ever !"

YOUNG'S "*Night Thoughts*."

A SILENT prayer, an ardent wish,
A gentle sigh, a tear,
The secret of my heart expressed,
That love was dwelling there.

He came, the wily archer came,
And lodged within my breast ;
Ere I was conscious of his power,
He all my heart possess'd—

A heart so simple and so soft,
So yielding and so true,
The impress of love's follies caught
In never-fading hue.

Amid the varying scenes of life
He led me, trembling, on ;
But when through darkness he would stray,
A light upon me shone.

'Twas reason held that light divine,
To stay my footsteps wild,
And when I paused these words I heard,
In accents firm, yet mild :—

“ Beware, beware the treacherous snares
Which love for thee doth lay ;
Ah ! list, poor wanderer, to my voice,
Look up to Heaven, and pray ! ”

LA PAUVRE BELLE FILLE DU RÉGIMENT.

AIR,—“ *Sweet Home.* ”

Who loved to hearken to our brave exploits,
Who loved to weave them into her gay song—
Sharing our glory, our peril, our love—
Who ? La belle fille du Régiment !

Blithely o'er wide plains, deep vales, and bleak hills
On a fleet charger she bounded along,
Bringing us dainties, our spirits to cheer,
La brave belle fille du Régiment !

And when in camp we were mournfully lain,
Who tended on us so kindly, so long—
Who tore her kerchiefs, our deep wounds to bind ?
La douce belle fille du Régiment !

Shall she forgotten be when danger's o'er—
When the proud theme of our conquest is sung ?
Yes, yes ! forgotten—ah ! who may deplore
La pauvre belle fille du Régiment ?

LOYALTY, LIBERTY, AND REPEAL.

AIR,—“ *Paddy Ponsonby.*”

“O! loyalty, most excellent, complete

In all perfections, sovereign queen of nature,

Our leal island, bowing at thy feet

Submissive, pays thee homage, wond'rous creature!”

PSYCHE.

Now I am aftre tellin ye

A purty piece of drollerie,

Which lid an Irish jontilmon

Into a maze of foolerie ;

’Twas surely in swate bonnie Cork,

Or ilse in charming Kerry,

Where folks are sinsible—

I mane, they’re wond’rous merry ;

But no ! ’twas in the narthern parts—

I guess so, by this token,

They say it was fornint the gates*

That niver yit were broken.

Och ! darlint Erin green,

Sate of mirth and plizhure,

I love ye and yer lasses swate

Beyont all airthly mizhur !

Well, sure, this silfsame jontlemon,

Who was both spruce and cliver,

He charm’d three smiling maidens fair,

And loved ’em all together !

* The gates of Londonderry.

The first " Dame Liberty " was call'd,
Of aspict rather brazin ;
The nixt was prating " Miss Repale,"
Who knew not rhyme nor rasin.
But, och ! the last was hivenly bright—
A fair, a parfict cratur ;
Her noble name was " Loyalty "—
She bore it in aitch featur.
Och ! lovely Erin green,
Sate of mirth and plizhur,
I love ye and yer lasses swate
Beyont all airthly mizhur !

Now Liberty, d'ye see, was auld,
But mischief she loved dearlie,
So tuk the jontlemon's poor pole,
And pluck'd his black hairs fairlie ;
Whilst Miss Repale, so young, so gay,
His gray hairs fain would scatter,
But Loyalty kim to his aid,
And sittled soon the matter ;
Says she, " We'll be the shamrock fair,
The lovely rose, and thistle—
We three will jine to bliss our land,
And discord may go whistle !"
Och ! darlint Erin green,
Sate of mirth and plizhur,
I love ye and yer lasses swate,
Beyont all airthly mizhur !

INTERCESSION.

"Pray one for another. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Epistle of St. James, chap. v.

PLEAD for me, angels bright, before that throne
Where adoration worthy God is paid—
Plead for my sins of negligence, of pride,
Of love for earthly gifts, which bloom and fade.

In vain the lesson hath to me been taught
That things below soon vanish or decay ;
My soul dwells on them with supreme delight,
And memory brings them—though borne far away!

Vainly ingratitude hath pierced my heart
With wounds—which heavenly grace alone could
heal ;

Vainly hath hope bereaved me of those joys
Which her allurements fondly made me feel !

Still warm emotions flutter in my breast—
Still, still I feel true love can never die,
Prompts many a thought that rises in the mind,
Sheds many a tear, and forces many a sigh.

O ! Lord, let not an earthly love intrude
When, all devoted, I would look on high,
And, firm in faith, would blessed mercy see
Midst gracious rays descending from the sky,

Beaming divinely on "the narrow way,"
Where truth's resplendent temple shines afar;
Whilst guiding angels breathe seraphic strains—
Devoutly hailing Bethlehem's glorious star!

IMPLORING DIVINE MERCY.

Lord, may Thy mercy guard each word of faith—
Firm and unshaken by the world's rude breath,
Bright'ning my intellectual power to view
The light that shines beyond thy shafts, O! death.
Let not the spirit of contention dwell
Upon my lips or in my feeble mind;
Like Aaron's rod, may wisdom bud and bloom,
And in my heart a soil congenial find.

And when, great God, I ope Thy sacred page—
The revelation of Thy holy will,
May sparkling hope, may calmly flowing faith
The fountain of my thoughts divinely fill—
To cleanse my soul from every guilty stain,
From every earthly error, weak and vain.

INVOCATION TO CUPID'S FAIR SISTERS,
COMPASSION AND MERCY.

"To loftier rapture ye can wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boasted powers."

Pleasures of Melancholy.

SWEET is thy tender wooing, gentle love,
When pure sincerity thy words unfold ;
Words brilliant sparkle from a flaming heart,
Yet for thy fond expression still too cold.

But sweeter far, O ! love, thy sister's voice—
Yes, sweeter far than thine her sigh, her tear ;
Grim pain and sorrow, wheresoe'er she roams,
From her mild, soothing presence disappear.

Come, then, beloved compassion, teach my lips
To breathe thy dulcet tones of hope, of peace ;
Come cling—O ! firmly cling—around my heart,
Till ev'ry feeling, ev'ry pulse shall cease.

And mercy, too—divinely beaming—come,
O ! come, each night, ere sleep my eyelids close—
Come, hear me whisper thy celestial pray'r,
"Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive my foes !"

ON GOOD FRIDAY.

"Ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

1st Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, chap. vi.

RETURNING spring in joyous beauty breathes
Her purest incense on this sacred morn,
Whilst lovely faith in majesty appears,
This festival to hallow, to adorn ;
Hark ! 'tis her voice, her voice divine we hear,
List, nations, list, with humble love—with fear :—

"Come, let us walk in Heaven's blessed light—
Come, loose the captive, let oppression cease,
Take up the Cross of Christ with rev'rence deep,
And hail the everlasting Prince of Peace !
Above the clouds, O ! let your spirits rise,
Behold your God triumphant in the skies !

"Awake and sing, O ! ye that dwell in dust,
For dew of herbs—sweet herbs, upon ye fall ;
The earth receives your gracious Saviour's blood,
To cleanse from sin and to redeem ye all ;
O ! let your heart's desire be His praise,
And unstain'd hands before His altar raise !"

O! LORD, TO THEE EACH NIGHT AND DAY.

AIR,—“*O! Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me?*”

“My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”

Psalm lxxiii.

O! LORD, to Thee each night and day
In fervent hope I'll sing and pray;
Ere orient beams the hills adorn,
Ere winged songsters hail the morn,
My earnest voice to Thee shall raise
A hymn of gratitude and praise.

Let mercy hearken to my prayer—
Thy mercy, Lord, is ev'rywhere,
Beneath the sea, above the sky,
Bright treasures of Thy mercy lie,
Where angels evermore proclaim
The glory of Thy holy name.

May sweet contentment's thornless rose,
Bright as in Sharon's plain it grows,
Shed o'er my spirit rich perfume,
And mingle with fair virtue's bloom,
Till from this world I'm called away,
With angels fair to sing and pray!

A YOUNG LADY'S ANSWER TO
"I WOULD NOT SEEK TO LOVE THEE LESS."

AH! wherefore should you love me less?
The brightness of your flame
Sheds dazzling beauty and renown
Upon my humble name;
The treasures of your brilliant thought—
Your never-dying verse,
Old time, in ages hence, will teach
Fond lovers to rehearse.

A charm in all your words I find
No others can impart—
They spring from pure, from ardent love,
They're music of the heart;
More thrilling far than lark at morn,
Than nightingale at eve;
Bright fancies new upon the mind
Their sense and sweetness leave.

When gloomy sorrow's deathlike chill,
When languor sad and pain,
The fainting, trembling spirits bind
With life's oppressive chain;
Ah! then your soothing melody
Breathes sweetly o'er the soul—
Soft strains that gently waken hope,
That grief and fear control.

And when the lively sounds of joy
In sportive accents flow,
When peace and harmony combine
To banish worldly woe—
Ah! then the gay enchanting tones
Of your expressive lyre
Brighten the eyes of youth and age
With beams of glowing fire!

SONNET.

AH! would that I could hear thee o'er a flower
So sweetly moralize and sing;
Strewing thy bright ideas on leaf, on bud,
And gaily decorating everything,
Till Flora's self her modest gem can scarcely know—
More brilliant far than all her starry gifts that blow!

And thus the object of thy tender love—
Thus, too, her image and her mind;
Adorn'd by thy creative, wondrous power—
So delicate, so graceful, so refined,
That thy fair dulcinea none can recognize;
But deem her Petrarch's Laura, who, 'tis said, "ne'er
dies!"

But, hark thee, skilful master of the tuneful nine,
Give not to erring mortals attributes divine!

WELL, SURE, I AM A PINSHIONER.

AIR,—“*The Shamrock.*”

WELL, sure, I am a pinshioner,
 Brave sarvice I've sane plintie,
 I've fought wid mighty illephants—
 The Grand Mogul's prime sintrie !
 I've waded strames in dark midnight,
 I've faced right ugly craturs,
 Black, blue, and rid, I've banged 'em all—
 Jist knock'd 'em o'er like tatur.
 But, och ! the brave police will rival us in glorie,
 They well desarve three heartie cheers,
 Their names will live in storie !

'Twas Trant—a mighty plizant boy—
 And sixty valliant heroes,
 Who heard the ribels were astir,
 And croaking like a nist of crows ;
 When near the Widdy Cormack's house,*
 Quoth Trant, “ We must manœuvre,
 These ribels are tin times our stringth,
 We'll at 'em under cover ! ”
 Och ! fait, the bawld police will rival us in glorie,
 They well desarve three heartie cheers,
 Their names will live in storie !

* Ballingarry, County Tipperary.

The " King of Munstre " soon drew near,
Supported by Dame Cormack,
Saith he " Yer arms dalivre up ! "
Quoth Trant, " To fire we'll not be slack ;
Our fair Quane and our honour bright,
A heart we prize right dearlie,
Come, clear that wall, ' yer majestie, '
The battle we'll fight fairlie ! "
Och ! Trant, the bawld police, he'll rival us in glorie,
He well desarves three heartie cheers,
His name will live in storie !

They fought—the ribels roll'd like pays,
Their layder sore ripinted,
He tuk brave Trant's proud, neighing steed,
And to be off he hinted ;
Quoth he, " My lads, the game is up,
D'ye see that dragoon yondre ?
If policemen can fight like this,
What'll sojers do I wondre ? "
Huzza, huzza ! the brave police gain'd Wellingtonian
glorie,
They well desarve three heartie cheers,
Their names will shine in storie !

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

"Praise, eternal praise, be unto God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night."

Job xxxv.

Not a breath was heard, it was midnight still,
And a holy sensation calm'd my breast,
Though it gently heaved with a pleasing thrill
Whilst I mused on the glories of the blest.

Sublime is the light of the sphere above—
Cloudless, eternal, divinely it shines ;
Melodious the voice of peace and love,
Which to adoration the soul inclines,

Angelic the forms of the true of heart
Who encompass the throne of God—most high !
But visions of splendour can ne'er impart
To human mind, to human heart—
('Tis faith alone, to mortal eye,
That will with rapt'rous joy descry)—
The presence of a Deity !

AN ASPIRATION FOR PEACE OF MIND.

"If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday: and the Lord shall guide thee continually. . . . Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."

Isaiah, chap. lviii.

ATTACH'D to earth, O! Lord, by bonds of love,
I strive in vain my spirit to set free;
And fain would pierce the mystery around,
Which I can feel, but which I cannot see.

Whate'er the course my waning life may take,
The stream—directed from above—must flow;
Enough for me this sacred truth, O! Lord—
Enough for me Thy ruling power to know.

Am I not guarded by Thy heavenly care,
Beaming in ev'ry gracious ray of light?
Is not my soul immortal—Thy blest gift—
Fashion'd by an eternal arm of might?

Then why am I disquieted, O! Lord?
Why is my heart—my trembling heart—cast down?
For, taught by Thee, I glory in Thy praise,
And scorn the world's neglect—the world's dark frown.

Thou hast not hid Thy righteousness, great God—
Thy truth, Thy mercy, and Thy boundless love,
Which shine upon the enemies of peace,
To ope their eyes—to raise them up above.

Should guilty nations, Lord, Thy word despise—
Should their devices overspread the land;
O! turn their hearts from fatal error, Lord—
O! turn them by Thine ever gracious hand.

From the bright inspiration of Thy truth
May pure devotion, with calm peace, arise;
Lead to Thine altar penitents sincere,
Whilst sweet, angelic voices rend the skies.

Rising, as from a morning sleep, refresh'd,
Viewing Heaven's cheerful light with holy love,
May wand'ers from a faithful, gentle flock
Be saved and purified by Christ above.

Ah! then, my soul, no more by thought perplex'd—
No more by fear disquieted in vain,
O! pass the remnant of thine earthly days
In humble prayer, God's mercy to obtain.

So may the hour of death find thee prepared
To breathe, in gentle peace, a last, sad sigh,
Devoutly trusting faith may guide thy flight
To never ceasing love and joy on high.

WEEPING LOVE.

"Who may the void in our bosoms fill?
Would that the loved ones were with us still."

How sweet the plaint—the gentle plaint—
That from a feeling heart doth flow,
When friendship pure in pain departs
Amid the shades of death to go.

Each cherish'd word, each tender sigh,
Comes rushing o'er the faithful mind,
Whilst memory, with cypress wreath,
Affliction's pensive brow doth bind.

Ah! then how fair the lost one seems,
In youthful, dazzling beauty bright,
With loving eyes, with noble mien,
With steps so graceful and so light;

With all the charms that mind can give,
Like modest violet conceal'd,
Till, by the fragrance which it breathes,
The lovely flower is reveal'd.

Then oft, in midnight's silent hour,
A shadowy form may hover near—
May seem to utter earnest prayers,
And softly wipe the mourner's tear.

O ! gracious, heav'nly vision, sent
To raise the humble soul from dust,
And with mysterious holy power
To show where weeping love may trust.

Yes ! love may trust in that high rock
Which poureth streams of oil, so clear,
So healing to the wounded heart,
Bleeding with grief, with doubt, and fear.

Then, clothed in gentle peace and joy,
Fair love with righteousness may meet,
And humbly cast their sorrows down,
In pious faith, at Jesu's feet.

THE BLINDNESS OF DISCONTENT.

"Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
For us they languish, and for us they die :
And shall they languish—shall they die—in vain ?"
"The Complaint."—YOUNG.

ALAS ! alas ! I seek the shade
Where sorrow lingers near,
And though the heavens above me shine
I droop and faint with fear.

Return, ye happy days, that wont
In peaceful joy to glide
With sweet content—my envied lot—
With friendship by my side.

Must age dark sadness ever bring?
Must death the loved o'ertake
Till not one gentle voice around
Can sympathy awake?

Presumptuous discontent, O! cease
To scan God's will divine;
The roll of time hath ne'er been read
By eyes as dim as thine.

I NEVER THOUGHT THY SMILING BROW.

I NEVER thought thy smiling brow
Could wear so stern, so sad a frown,
But my surprise doth vanish now
I learn the sorrows thou hast known;
And whilst thy sighs, thus softly sweet,
Express the woes thou'dst fain repeat,
I blush to own that I could be
Severe with one so kind as thee.

Yet, did I not thy love repress?
And did I not, in tears, confess
That my fond heart, with sorrow true,
Was buried where green sea-weed grew—
Where rolling, moaning, dismal waves
A frightful rock for ever laves?
There resting, with a sailor brave,
My heart hath found a watery grave.

Then urge no more thy tender theme—
I start, as from a dreadful dream;
For it recalls my early love—
Pure as the light of Heaven above.
Yet whilst thy sighs, thus softly sweet,
Express the woes thou'dst fain repeat,
I mourn to think that I must be
Cold unto one so kind as thee.

A DREAM.

“Haply to our evening thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought—
A faint, collected dream.”

“*Despondency*.”—BURNS.

I SEE a form ye cannot see,
I hear a voice ye cannot hear;
And glory in the twofold bliss,
For Heaven vouchsafes to grant my prayer.

In lovely vision Gabriel brings
The fond companion of my youth :
Once more amid an Eden fair
We rove with innocence and truth ;

Once more I see him—angel-like—
With flowing locks and sunny eyes ;
Once more, with tender joy, we meet,
Whilst smiling love beams from the skies.

Soft is the air which breathes around,
And sweet the carol upon high ;
Bright is the verdure of the trees,
Which wave their branches with a sigh.

Calm hope and nature seem array'd
In spotless robes of azure fair,
When, lo ! “a change comes o'er the dream ;”
Hopes take her flight—I start with fear.

Then midst a changeful world we go,
Soon part, and never meet again ;
Sometimes gay pleasure guides our bark,
And sometimes gloomy care or pain.

But ere the closing of our life,
Nature once more her charm displays ;
Once more we hear each other's voice—
The well-known voice of early days.

It comes like quiet, cooling stream
O'er sandy region—parch'd and bare ;
Softly murmur'ing peace and love
To gentle zephyrs in the air.

Not earth, but Heaven is the theme ;
On lofty pinions we would soar—
Together take an upward flight,
And touch the sin-girt world no more.

AN ADDRESS TO NATURE.

“ Who to the enraptured heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.”
“ *The Minstrel*.”—DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

SMILING nature, smiling nature,
I behold thee, faint at heart,
Like a fond, a faithful lover,
Sigh and look, look and sigh—
Then, o'ercome, I weep to part.

Many moments thou hast brought me
Which must never be forgot—
Moments that, e'en now, in anguish,
With a tear—happy tear—
Reconcile me to my lot.

Thy sweet charms have beam'd upon me
When no other charm was near,
Whilst adversity and sorrow
Spread a cloud—gloomy cloud—
That o'ercast my soul with fear.

Half the joys my days have brighten'd,
Nature fair, I owe to thee;
And when art would fain have bound me,
Thy sweet power—gentle power—
With a smile hath set me free.

Still I love thy pleasing aspect—
Pure and holy, calm and gay,
Chasing from sweet home's lov'd circle
Pride and scorn—scorn and pride—
With thy joyous tones away.

Rest beside me when my spirit
Shall prepare from hence to go;
Let me lean upon thy bosom,
Hear thy sighs—sobs and sighs—
View thine unaffected woe.

Then by blessed faith conducted
To thy Father's throne above,
There in joyful hymns for ever—
Softly sweet—sweetly soft—
We'll celebrate our Saviour's love.

INDUSTRY'S HOME.

"Here shalt thou find a quiet rest
For all thy days to come,
And every comfort that may serve
T' endear thy humble home."

HULL.

THERE is a land where fair content
Her bright abode hath made—
A land where sorrow's voice is hush'd,
Love's banner is display'd ;

A land where nature from her lap
With liberal hand doth throw
Her beauteous flowers, the fruit, the grain,
Which in abundance grow.

There misery's children sigh no more,
Their grief is turn'd to joy ;
They with rejoicing hearts pursue
Their useful, loved employ ;

With lively, sun-bright eyes they view
That ample, fertile land,
And bless the gracious Providence
Which led them by the hand

To scenes where haggard vice and care
The earth have never trod—
Have never left their withering blight
Upon the new-born sod ;

To scenes where poverty may raise
A pious, trustful eye,
And view bright hope above the cloud
That's passing quickly by ;

To scenes where bitter scorn is ne'er
On humble merit cast,
To leave a wound— a rankling wound—
That aches whilst life doth last ;

To scenes where social joys restore
The sweet primeval age,
When friendly welcome oped each door,
And kindness tried to engage

The wanderer to rest awhile
And to partake their fare,
Rewarded if a lonely heart
Their sympathy could share ;

To scenes where holy friendship meets
With heart to heart allied
In bonds of union, mystical,
For ever closely tied ;

Where love spontaneous breathes a sigh
'Tis melody to hear,
And chants his passion without guile,
Without reserve or fear ;

Where industry and pure content
A cheerful home can raise,
United in their pleasing toil—
United in God's praise.

Australia, 'neath thy gentle clime—
Heaven's blessing for thy dow'r—
May misery's children find relief
In sorrow's darkest hour.

THE DUTY OF IMPARTING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

"Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to
the house of our God. . . . And let us walk in His light."

Isaiah, chap. xi.

I WANDER'D midst a dreary wild,
Through many a hopeless day ;
No ray of joy to cheer my soul
Or lighten my dark way.

Sun after sun above me rose
With clouds envelop'd o'er ;
And nature seem'd to hide her charms,
My errors to deplore.

Till gently came a plaintive voice—
A brother's tender moan ;
It touch'd sweet sympathy's soft string
And echoed ev'ry tone.

But when intent to soothe the woe
That pain'd another's breast,
Benignant pity calm'd my sighs
And lull'd my grief to rest.

Whilst on "The Book of Wisdom" shone
A light so pure, so clear,
It open'd Heaven to my view—
Disclosed a Saviour near.

The flame that touch'd Isaiah's lips
Reflected on my mind—
These sacred words of holy truth,
"O ! seek, and ye shall find.

"The lowliest flower of the vale
Can wisdom fair unfold—
Wisdom than precious gems more bright—
More pure than Ophir's gold.

"Observe the seeds ye cast in earth,
How lovely they arise,
Reward your toil with grateful fruits,
Yield fragrance to the skies."

Thus should the hidden cells of thought
A streamlet bright contain ;
O ! let it flow o'er barren land,
It will not flow in vain.

Verdure will soon the desert grace,
Fair shrubs will bloom around ;
And hum of bees and song of birds
Will through the air resound ;

Soon worldlings may the spot frequent
And join the hallow'd lay,
Whilst gracious Heaven may calmly shine
O'er those who sing and pray.

THE VOICE OF CÆSAREA.

AIR,—“ *Rousseau's Dream.* ”

CÆSAREA, bring thy treasures,
Strew them with a lavish hand—
Fadeless myrtle, glorious laurel,
Roses sweet, and lilies bland ;
These to grace thy Queen, Victoria,
Who, in Europe's trying hour,
Stands, by heavenly peace protected,
Trusting in Almighty power.

Rich and lovely are her vessels
Sailing o'er the briny main,
Splendid are the gifts they bring her
To adorn her beauteous train.
Brave and loyal are her armies,
With their ensigns streaming gay ;
They around her throne will rally,
Glorying in her gracious sway.

Cæsarea, midst her islands,
Rich in beauty, rich in love,
Earth's best treasures gladly offer,
And this pray'r to Heaven above :—
“ Blessings on our Queen, Victoria—
Blessings earthly and divine ;
May her happy days be lengthen'd,
May Heaven bless her virtuous line ! ”

QUEEN VICTORIA'S YACHT SONG.

HANDS aloft, trim the sails, prepare for fair Victoria !
Cap in hand, give three cheers, our lovely Queen to
hail ;
To her isles that gem the sea, with Providence to guide
her,
In our gallant bark she comes, 'mid loyal hearts to
sail.

A sail's in sight—salute our flag!—give honour to
Victoria!

On silvery wave, 'mid sailors brave, how stately is
she seen ;

Old Neptune lifts his hoary head, rejoicing to behold
her,

Whilst sailors make the welkin shake with blessings
on their Queen !

DIVINE CONSOLATION.

“ When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.”

LORD GLENELG.

BEHOLD fair mercy gilds the sky
With mild, benignant ray,
And scatters many a fragrant flower
O'er life's oft weary way.

Clouds quickly pass—sweet nature smiles
With renovated bloom ;
Behold how soon her verdure springs
Around affection's tomb.

The loved, the lost, no longer moan—
No longer suffer pain ;
For faith's most holy, sacred prayers
Are never breath'd in vain.

Then from your eyelids chase the tear,
Then hush the tender sigh,
That tribute to the grave is paid—
Now look with joy on high.

Repentance leads the parting soul
To God's eternal throne,
Where mercy, with all-glorious beams—
Bright beams that sin atone ;

That grace with immortality,
With fair angelic frame,
The spirit which on earth believed
In Jesu's blessed name.

Then weep not for the dead and gone,
But raise your eyes above,
And there behold, with silent joy,
The watchful eye of love.

It never wearies, never sleeps,
Yet darts a brilliant ray,
Which pierceth through the shades of night
To gladden those who pray.

THE GRAVESTONE.

THE stone, the cold gravestone,
Not a tear hath fallen there ;
No foot hath worn a path
To the spot so sad, so drear.

Around it wild flowers spring,
And the grass grows thick and high ;
It waves with mournful hush
As the gentle breeze wafts by.

I saw two birds alight,
Allured by a place so lone ;
They rested with delight
On the stone, the cold gravestone.

Their voices rose in air
With a swelling, dying tone—
'Twas nature's requiem given ;
I join'd with humble moan.

" Kind friend," I faintly sang,
" A peaceful grave thou'st found,
As quiet as thy life—
Birds, flowers, and zephyrs round.

" Here guardian angels keep
Thy mortal remains with care ;
Their presence here is felt ;
I'm seized with holy fear.

" But, oh ! thy blessed soul
Now dwelleth with God above :
Thy struggle on earth is past—
Thy glory shineth at last
In the realms of peace and love."

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS.

O ! God, whose mighty will upholds
Unnumbered spheres in boundless space,
Thee I invoke, Omnipotent !
Thou gav'st me breath, oh ! give me grace.

Thy ministers are flames of fire,
Proud ocean's waves Thy laws obey ;
Thy word an atom can create,
Thy word a world can melt away.

Trembling before Thee as my Judge,
I could not raise my eyes above,
Until a Saviour's gracious hand
Put forth sweet mercy's " sinless dove."

It came one morn when friendship lay
Expiring on my throbbing breast,
It raised the dead to endless day,
Then nestled near and gave me rest.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

"Di me non pianger tu, che miri di fersi,
Morendo, eterni; e nell eterno lume,
Quando mostrai di chinder gli occhi aspersi."

PETRARCA.

LAMENT, ye birds, amidst the verdant boughs
Waved by soft zephyrs in the evening clear;
Murmur, ye lucid waves, o'er pebbles bright,
Whilst slowly, pensively, I wander near.

•

Raised with your harmony my soul takes flight,
Soaring in fancy o'er this misty sphere,
Whilst far above me, in celestial light,
The long-lost objects of my love appear.

They sing with heav'nly rapture to behold
My eager efforts their abode t' attain;
Upon my head a holy flame they cast,
And angel-voices urge, but urge in vain.

"Alas!" I cry, "my mortal frame recedes,
And low in earth's dark womb it must descend;
But faith supports the ying—yea, the dead—
An Intercessor will my sorrows end.

"Hath He not said 'In Me alone confide?'
Hath he not taught us how to live, to die?
Not angel's wings can bear us to God's throne
So swift as faith triumphant through the sky.

"O! meet me, long-lost objects of my love—
O! meet me when my trying life is o'er;
Then I the mysteries of Heaven shall learn—
Then I my God shall righteously adore."

HEAVENLY CONSOLATION.

"O! give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from the soul to steal;
Teach us from folly peaceably to part,
And wean us from a world we love too well."

MASON.

WHEN the bold seaman, on the bending yard,
Furls the torn sail amid the tempest's roar,
And whistles to the sweeping gusts of wind
Which dash his bark against the rocky shore:

Ah! then the cherub hope his heart sustains,
Points to the breaking clouds—the sun's faint ray,
And softly whispers, in the voice he loves,
“Oh! brave the winds, the waves for me I pray.

“At thy return I'll press thee in my arms,
I'll weep fond tears of joy o'er dangers past;
Thy babe shall lisp thy oft repeated name,
And view a father's gladsome smile at last.”

Thus I, amidst the furious storms of life,
When anger frown'd or treachery prevail'd,
When subtle vice a net around me drew,
When pleasure or when flattery assail'd.

Thus in the tumult of contending powers,
When lightning flash'd from envy's blood-shot eye,
When passion's maddening whirlwind seem'd to cast
Celestial reason from her throne on high—

Thus I, despairing of all worldly aid—
Thus I a voice divinely soft could hear,
Mild as compassion's heart-subduing tone,
Persuasive as affection's sigh or tear.

It came like music in night's silent hour,
Like sacred music—heav'nly, sweet, and clear;
Breathing a lovely strain of hope sublime,
To comfort sorrow and to banish fear.

Then calmly I could view life's ruffled stream,
 Could search its dreary banks for many a flower,
Could raise my eyes above the transient scene,
 And humbly own God's mercy and God's power.

LOOK ALOFT.

*"Lieto aspira alla superna sede.
Mira il ciel com è bello, e mira il sole,
Ch' a sè par che n'inviti, e ne consolo."*

TASSO.

THE boy hath wander'd from his mother's side—
 Hath climb'd the summit of a lofty mast,
And balanced on its tow'ring, giddy height,
 Each threat'ning moment seems to be his last.

While from the vessel's deck his father views
 Th' impending danger with a father's pain ;
But blest with wisdom from a heavenly source, .
 He cries out "Look aloft"—nor cries in vain.

The child obeys, and, with uplifted eyes,
 He braves th' unconscious danger 'neath his feet,
Whilst guardian angels, with extended wings,
 The evil of a heedless step defeat.

Restored in safety to a mother's arms,
His father's holy words sweet transport shed ;
And "Look aloft" sustains his feeble mind
With strength more potent than life's daily bread.

Thus passing through this world's ensnaring scene—
Thus may we "Look aloft" when pleasure smiles,
When vice allures us to a dang'rous path,
When flattery's syren-voice our heart beguiles.

When God's just judgments on our head descend—
When sorrow's visitation dims our eye,
Thus may we "Look aloft," and humbly crave
A Saviour's gracious aid our tears to dry.

Bright o'er our way sweet mercy then will shine,
And lighten every toil and every care,
Till our souls soar aloft in flight divine,
Pure bliss eternal with Heaven's host to share.

LOOK ON HIGH.

"Behold! God taketh away. Who can hinder Him? Who
will say unto Him, what doest Thou?"

Job, chap. ix.

No more I hear the voice — the son'rous voice
I loved so well,
Which bade, in solemn tones, fair morn rejoice,
As forth she looked, dark shadows to dispel.

And as advancing her bright steps were seen,
Divinely came
Religion's spirit with a heavenly mien,
Hailing sweet morn and praising God's great name.

Alas ! no more to sounds like these I wake—
The dream is o'er ;
But though death's tone the awful voice doth take,
It gently breathes my sorrow to deplore.

“ Why from thy lips shall murmurs ceaseless fall ? ”
It calmly said ;
“ God answers to thy sighs—He heeds thy call—
His blessing o'er thy mournful path is shed.

“ Clear to thine eyes the form of faith appears,
In light sublime ;
Cast, then, away thy vain, thy guilty fears,
God will receive thee in His own good time.

“ Muse not on days gone by, on faded flowers,
But look on high,
Where lovely mercy leads the smiling hours
In bliss eternal through the starry sky.”

AN ANSWER TO "REMEMBER ME."

"Anima, che diverse cose tante
 Vedi, odi, e leggi, e parli, e scrivi, e pensi;
 Occhi miei vaghi; e tu fra gli altri sensi
 Che scorgi al cor l'alte parole sante;
 Or con sì chiara luce, e con tai segni
 Errar non dessi in quel breve viaggio
 Che ne può far d'eterno Albergo degni."

PETRARCA.

AROUND me breathes a soft enchanting lay,
 Struck from some lyre responsive to my heart,
 That beats in unison with ev'ry tone
 Which love and truth so tenderly impart.

Cease, cease, fond heart, a tremour long unknown—
 A tremour moving at the spirit's will—
 The spirit which no human power can curb,
 Which throbs to hear that voice so heav'nly still.

Ah! me, 'twas 'neath the abbey walls we roved—
 'Twas there we lingered in communion sweet;
 There youthful fancies dazzled our fond eyes—
 There, there we parted never more to meet.

No! never more on earth; yet, here, oh! here,
 Sad memory may her treasur'd love rehearse—
 May breathe "remember me" in ardent pray'r,
 In thy still loved, still animating verse.

And oh ! another prayer to Heaven will rise—
If humble adoration grace can win—
That our regenerated spirits may
Together triumph over death and sin.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

AIR,—“*The Sailor's welcome home.*”

AN ! there's the boat, the bonny boat,
That skims the ocean blithe and jolly—
That brings ashore the heart of oak
Who flies to meet his lovely Polly,
With trousers white and kerchief blue,
With knowing love-lock o'er his cheek ;
“Is this,” quoth she, “my sailor true—
The long-lost youth I fain would seek ?”

“Yes, yes,” cried I, “my faithful Poll,
For thee I've braved the rudest billow ;
And oft amidst the raging main
Have pictured thee beneath yon willow.
'Ah ! now,' thought I, 'with voice so soft,
She prays to Heaven with tearful eye ;'
And then I look'd with hope aloft,
And blest my guardian angel nigh.

" 'Tis true that once a craft I hail'd
With foreign rigging, spruce and clever,
But though awhile with her I sailed,
My heart, sweet Poll, with thee was ever:
And now returned, with gold in store,
A happy pair we sure will be ;
We'll toast our Queen, now war is o'er,
Beneath yon shady willow tree."

HUMBLE DEDICATION OF MY SOUL TO GOD.

O! THOU, great Judge—Thou, whose all-piercing eye
My very thoughts can view—
Can look into the secrets of my heart,
And holy vows renew ;

To Thee I bend, submissive to Thy will,
My soul, O! God, is Thine;
Thy spirit lifts my humble voice to sing,
And to Thy word incline.

Let not the charm of transient, worldly love
Come o'er my trembling mind,
When my soul seeketh in Thy house of pray'r
Mercy and grace to find.

Oh ! guard me, Lord, oh ! guard my feeble heart,
Which would adore Thy power—
Which would devote its warm, its grateful praise
To Thee in life's last hour.

ON OUR RESURRECTION TO LIFE ETERNAL.

"Jesus said. . . . It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

St. John, chap. vi.

QUITE slowly flowed the stream of life—
The stream my heart within,
Sightless mine eyes, and still my frame,
Fainting—to death akin.

Yet soon, restored by power divine,
I felt the vital heat
Move gently o'er my cold, stiff limbs,
And in my bosom beat.

O ! gracious Lord, I thus am taught
How calmly we may die—
How joyfully we may awake
To immortality,
If through this changeful world with faith and love
We rest our hopes of bliss on Thee above.

A TEMPERANCE DITTY.

He looked so vastly sad and lank—
A poet all the world knows—
With eyes turned up, with eyes cast down,
And sniffing a faded rose.
His dress, too, it was mighty strange—
He'd quite forgot his cravat,
And such a coat—odds bless my wig—
And such a shapeless hat.
Bravo! fine poets, ye ride up in the air,
And only now and then come down
To make us laugh and stare.

I ask'd him home to take a feed,
He looked so monstrous thin;
“Good Master Bull,” quoth he, “I think
That stuffing's a very great sin.”
But soon he left my platters all
Quite polish'd and quite bare,
My fowl and ham his palate pleased—
There was not one bit to spare.
Bravo! fine poets, ye ride up in the air,
And only now and then come down
To gobble our best of fare.

My poet, now quite full of glee,
Thus said, in happy mood,
“I see, kind Master Bull, you know
What is genteel and good;

And though I hold that tippling is
 A vile, an odious habit,
 Yet taking of a mod'rate glass
 I never spurn—odds rabbit!"

Bravo! fine poets, ye ride up in the air,
 But I perceive ye oft come down
 To sip bright ale and beer.

"And as, dear Master Bull, I find
 You're liberal and you're plain,
 I'd like, kind host, to let you see
 I'm a judge of fine champagne;
 For a temp'rate draught and a loyal toast
 Can brotherly love inspire—
 Can warm the heart and grace the song
 With patriotic fire."

Bravo! fine poets, ye ride up in the air
 But yet I think ye love to come down
 And partake of earth's goodly cheer

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

"I create the fruit of the lips, saith the Lord."

Isaiah lvii.

THE length'ning shadows of my life
 Warn me its sun's last beam is near,
 And drooping daily in my path
 The flowers of friendship disappear.

For though some buds I fondly watch'd,
And fann'd them with hope's softest sigh,
They've perished by a sudden blight,
Or some rude touch hath made them die.

But one fair flower—Heaven's tender gift—
An ever-blooming rose is mine ;
I press it to my beating heart—
It breathes an odour quite divine.

“ Lift up thy voice,” it seems to say,
“ In praise devout to God on high ;
My incense with thy hymns may rise
In grateful fragrance through the sky.”

THE WISDOM OF THE BLEST.

“ Submission to God's will obtains peace of mind, and obedience peace of heart.”

REV. MR. GODFRAY.

In majesty, great Lord of earth and Heaven,
Thy sacred presence graciously appears,
Waves o'er my couch the sceptre of thy power,
Disperses all my woes and all my fears—

Guides my desponding soul to Jordan's stream,
And bids me in the living waters lave,
Then lifts my spirit to the throne of grace,
Where angel-voices chant “ Thy God can save.”

O ! words divine, in humble faith received,
Ye calm the raging tempest of the mind—
Ye break like sunshine from beneath dark clouds—
Ye still the roaring of the mighty wind.

Nature no more a gloomy aspect wears,
Whilst high above the earth's corroding cares
We view sweet peace, who watches o'er our steps,
And leads us meekly through this vale of tears.

Vain are the arrows of our worldly foes—
Blunted and broken they around us fall ;
We know the Lord will arm in our defence—
Will hear our lowliest prayer, our faintest call.

Arise, then, heavenly hope, possess our souls—
Teach us the strain that angels love to hear,
Which breathes salvation's blessed peace and joy,
With earnest faith, with sanctifying fear.

Let us enjoy, as gracious mercy's boon,
The carol of the birds that sport in air—
The stars' bright splendour, the gay flowers' perfume,
All nature's holy charms—so fresh, so fair.

And may we, Lord, with grateful spirit praise
Thy darkness, which inclines our minds to rest—
Thy glorious light, which wakens them to feel
Submission is the wisdom of the blest.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

GREAT God, shall thoughts which mercy brings
In stilly night's dark, solemn hour
Pass o'er my mind like shadows fleet,
And not reveal their heavenly power?

Shall visions—bright with images
Of sacred mystery, holy love—
Beam graciously around my couch,
Then, all unheeded, fade above?

Quick to the heart God's spirit flies
And animates true poesy,
Which, though vain pedants may despise
Its crown of glory, faith can see.

Linger, sweet muse, till morning dawns,
Chase darkness from my soul away,
Let me not spend my strength for nought,
And waste in sad regret each day.

Thy consolations, Lord, are great
To those who vanity disdain—
To those who humbly bend the knee
In deep affliction's woeful pain.

Then sanctify the Lord of hosts—
O! let Him be our fear, our love;
For strengthen'd by His mighty arm,
We gain a battle-tower above;

Where wickedness as fire shall burn,
Shall kindle, and in smoke shall mount,
Whilst round the blessed of the Lord
Will rise a bright, a cooling fount—

A lovely garden, fresh and fair,
Where waters of salvation flow,
And gentle peace and holy joy
The faithful of the earth shall know.

May erring lips God's glory sing,
Whilst angels, trembling, touch that string;
May sinful souls His praise proclaim,
Whilst saints bend low at His great name.

Yes, sacred though the lofty theme,
Yet we, redeem'd by heavenly love,
May meekly breathe our Saviour's praise,
And plead for mercy from above.

ON GRATITUDE.

O! GRATITUDE, they soul-ennobling tones
From virtue and from love alone can flow;
Blest are the lips which breathe thy strain sublime,
Blest are the hearts which thy pure feelings know.

For though affliction may the source reveal,
Though grief and pain may in the stream oft lave,
Yet furious gusts of passion ne'er disturb
The gentle flowing of thy peaceful wave.

Time may the foamy course of love decrease,
Or jealousy some barrier may oppose,
But on thy flowery banks, fair gratitude,
Sweet friendship, truth, and piety repose.
Flow on, flow on, with beauteous current clear,
And o'er thee Heaven's reflected glory bear.

CEASE, CEASE, IMAGINATION—FALSE
AND VAIN.

"Hearken to the Redeemer, who saith, 'In an acceptable time
have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee.'"

Isaiah, chap. xlix.

CEASE, cease, imagination—false and vain,
Oh! cease to lead my wavering mind astray—
Which feels the precious wisdom of the just,
Yet from its holy fount oft turns away.

Allured by folly, with his ceaseless bells,
And charm'd by pleasure swiftly passing by,
I leave the healing springs of mercy sweet—
The glorious rays of truth that beam on high.

Then darkness soon upon my soul hath power
The visions bright of hope and joy to fade,
Then wand'ring in the gloomy shades of fear—
Then, then I find no guardian there to aid.

Till from my wounded breast I pluck the darts—
The fatal darts which would destroy my peace—
Would wither holy love in my faint heart—
Would make contentment's gentle accents cease.

Plead, plead my cause, ye witnesses of truth,
Stamp on my heart the signature of grace,
Then may I raise my humble eyes, my hands,
Before God's altar—yea, before His face.

Cleansed from the evil of a faithless world,
The dove of peace once more will seek my breast—
Will guide my spirit far beyond those storms
Fatal to love serene, to holy rest.

In paths of innocence, where dew untrod,
Where tuneful birds salute the endless day,
Where souls elect convene, redeemed of God,
The purified in heart, may sing, may pray.

Admitted to the bright, seraphic choir,
Melodious praise will ever calmly flow;
Wisdom divine will knowledge pure inspire,
And in the new-created bosom glow.

MY BIBLE.

My Bible, source of every pious thought,
Calm soother in affliction's trying hour,
Gentle inspirer of pure love sublime—
Of trust in mercy, in redeeming power.

Whilst on God's boundless glory I reflect,
And sacred marvels of His skill divine,
My humble soul with gratitude expands
To call the hallow'd, vast Creator "mine."

Sing to the Lord, ye various tribes of earth—
Sing whilst ye journey to your lowly graves;
Sing, sing, O! sing, ye ever-rolling spheres,
Ye brilliant suns, ye mighty winds and waves.

Ye lofty rocks, resound the hollow tone
That teacheth mortals where to raise their eyes,
To offer supplications—fervent, pure—
Not scanning mysteries which God denies.

Great are the miracles of holy love,
Which souls, too often thankless, here enjoy—
Here, in this sublunary world of grace,
Where praise divine should sacred thoughts employ.

For Jesu's heav'nly dove of peace descends,
And calmly nestles on each Christian breast,
Where gentle charity and lovely hope
Are harbingers of everlasting rest.

May Christ, then, dwell within our beating hearts,
And may the riches of His glory prove
A bright incentive to our works of faith,
Filling our souls with love, unbounded love—

That henceforth, perfect in God's holy law,
Renew'd in spirit, may we ever find
No crafty change of doctrine can deceive
The steadfast purpose of our Heaven-taught mind.

Still bearing witness of the gospel truth,
And meekly bowing to the will divine—
Still comforted and strengthen'd by God's Word,
May its eternal rays upon us shine ;
Still may our precious Bible light the way,
Guiding our footsteps, lest from Heaven they stray.

ON THE RESURRECTION TO LIFE ETERNAL.

"The worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Job, chap. xix.

O ! GLORIOUS thought, by sacred faith inspired,
My great, my bless'd Redeemer I may see,
When, purified by all-atoning grace,
The mighty word shall set my spirit free.
Ah ! then, rejoicing in a Saviour's love,
Eternal joy may trace my path above.

With intellect exalted and refined,
The mysteries of nature may appear
To beam, self-evident, upon my mind
In beauty, perfect beauty, bright and clear.
Wisdom divine, in strains devoutly pure,
May teach my soul, ecstatic, to adore—
To hold communion with those radiant powers
Whose brows are crown'd with everlasting flowers.

O! MY LOVED COUNTRY.

"Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded—they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. . . . For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, 'Fear not, I will help thee.'"

Isaiah, chap. xli.

O! my loved country, bright with honours won
By industry, by virtue, and by peace,
Still keep your proud position in the world—
Still with one lofty voice bid discord cease.

The glorious monuments of your renown
Let not the rage of havoc e'er destroy—
Let not injustice stain your history's page,
Nor conquests vain your giant strength employ.

Now, whilst proud nations, with uplifted spears,
The laws—the covenants of old transgress,
Array themselves in superstition's garb,
And all her cruel, impious vows express—

Now, when a numerous people, issuing forth
From servitude, from ignorance, from pain,
Will with their stern oppressors struggle fierce,
The glorious prize of freedom's bliss to gain.

Now, Britons, may the God whom ye adore
Graft in your hearts those virtues fair and bright—
Virtues that win the wavering minds of men—
Virtues well pleasing in your Maker's sight:—

Forbearance calm, and moderation mild—
Truth, lovely truth; pure kindness, warm and sweet—
Eager the wants of others to supply—
Eager with *all* in harmony to meet.

Then peace, religious peace will o'er ye spread
Her canopy of everlasting flowers;
And then the Sun of Righteousness will shed
His blessed light, to cheer your earth-doom'd hours.

OH! HOW SWEET 'TIS TO ROVE.

O! how sweet 'tis to rove, at the break of day,
In the season of love and joy,
When the lark warbles cheerly his matin lay,
Whilst soft zephyrs whisper and toy—
Where the wild opening rose sheds perfume around,
And the daisy's bright eye glints forth from the ground.

Come, love, and I'll show you my favourite nook,
Where nature an arbour hath made;
'Tis there I oft study her heart-teaching book—
Fair wonders that dazzle, yet fade.
But "The Life Tree" above can hope calmly raise
To utter soft breathings of love and of praise.

For how cheering the beam of mercy's bright bow
When the shadow of death is near,
When turning from vain, transient pleasures below
We muse on high Heaven without fear—
Our brave faith ascending, in blessedness pure,
To regions where beauty will bloom evermore.

I SEE THE SMILE.

I SEE the smile—the soft, the courteous smile,
That quickly found its way to my warm heart;
I hear the voice—the fond, melodious voice,
That every gentle feeling could impart:

They live in memory, and, treasured there,
Ah ! what can with my store of joy compare ?

O ! love, thou art a torment to the breast
Where jealous doubts, where gloomy fears arise ;
But when thy doves are nestled on a rock,
With pride and bliss each smiling moment flies.
If such calm trust be mine, O ! love, to share,
Ah ! what can with my store of joy compare ?

Give me, sweet love, a warm, unchanging heart,
To breathe of hope and peace the whole day long ;
And soothe me with the tone of friendship near,
To harmonize each joy-awakening song—
Then, morn and eve, with rapture I'll declare
My store of bliss is far beyond compare.

WHEN AMIDST THE SCENES OF NATURE.

AIR—"Softly blow the evening breezes."

WHEN amidst the scenes of nature,
Soothing strains of peace I hear ;
Oft my heart, with love o'erflowing,
Gently breathes a silent prayer.

No wild fears my bosom flutter,
No dark thoughts my mind employ,
Worldly cares are lost in pleasure,
Whilst I tune my voice to joy.

Like the lark with song harmonious,
I would gladly sing and soar,
Every note still rising higher,
Mercy's bounty to adore.

And inspired with holy rapture,
Waking from a Heaven-sent dream,
I would silence soft-toned echo
With love's brightly glowing theme.

TO A BELOVED FRIEND AFFLICTED IN
MIND AND IN PERSON.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will the God of
peace and of mercy comfort you."

Isaiah, chap. lxvi.

COME, thou, once beautiful—O! come to me
When sorrow on thine alter'd brow doth dwell,
When flowing tears of agony express
The woe thy voice, indignant, scorns to tell.

Come, see affection's smile and hear her tone,
Press friendship's gentle hand—still warm, still true;
It may give animation to thy soul,
Its magic touch may feelings old renew.

No longer sad in mind nor lone in heart,
Fresh springs of mercy may around thee rise,
Murm'ring with softest, sweetest melody,
Reflecting varied beauty from the skies.
Then, mourner, raise thine eyes in faith to Heaven,
And all thy dark despair will be forgiven.

ON THE BLESSED NATIVITY OF OUR LORD
JESUS CHRIST.

"The Saviour of mankind is come—
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song."

DODDRIDGE.

GALLIA, I weep for you; ah! where, ah! where
Have all your lovely virtues fled,
That thus ye celebrate the advent of your Lord
With heaps of mangled dead?
Is such an offering meet on this blest day,
When Christians should in union sing and pray?

But, oh ! my soul, can I for nations mourn ?
 Whilst trembling on the grave's dark brink
I think of gifts neglected, time misspent,
 And, at the retrospection, shrink.
Come, holy faith, on this bright day,
Teach me with Christians pure to sing and pray.

And, as of old, the glory of the Lord
 Shone o'er meek shepherds, whilst by night
They watch'd their flocks ; when lo ! a heav'nly host
 Burst on their dim, astonish'd sight,
Saying, " Peace on earth, good tidings, list and pray,
For unto you a Saviour's born this day."

So may Thy spirit, holy God, descend
 Upon Thy servant here below,
Whose voice would call forth nations from afar
 Thy grace, Thy glory, Lord, to show ;
And with true Christians on this festive day,
In harmony sublime, to sing and pray.

Arise, my soul, in contrite spirit rise,
 Redeeming mercy loud proclaim ;
And, with the lov'd disciple of our Lord,
 Bear witness to His light, His name—
The gracious Word made flesh this wond'rous day ;
O ! faith divine, for Thee we sing and pray.

Mary, thou highly favoured of the Lord,
 Thy memory pious Christians love ;

Like thee, oh ! may we bend to heavenly will,
And magnify our God above—
Whilst, as the years roll round, on this blest day
With earnest, humble faith we sing and pray.

Eternal wisdom, guide Britannia's sons
Amidst the turmoil of this world—
This sinful world, which, on Thine advent, Lord,
The thunderbolt of war hath hurl'd.
Guide them on Thy most sacred, happy day,
With hearts devoutly pure, to sing and pray.

Return unto thy rest, O ! troubled soul,
Here breathe thy lowly vows in peace—
Here in Cæsarea, where Almighty God
Hath made loud discord's clamour cease—
Here scatter God's good gifts, on this His day,
And with triumphant fervour sing and pray.

I SLUNG MY LYRE.

I slung my lyre upon the willow tree—
The weeping willow that o'erlooks the stream ;
For, oh ! its minstrelsy had lost the power
To waken my sad heart from sorrow's dream.

Forsaken by the objects of my love—
Left in seclusion to lament my fate,
E'en memory, with soft and soothing tone,
No longer tried my woes to dissipate.

When from the azure sky an air was breath'd,
It swept the chords of my neglected lyre,
Some pitying angel came to love's relief,
My soul with pure devotion to inspire.

With ardour new my lyre I boldly strung,
Outpour'd in ecstasy calm nature's love,
And that sweet comfort which cold earth denied
My spirit gently drew from Heav'n above.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise,
Who reigns enthroned on high—
Ancient of endless days—
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year."

C. WESLEY.

WORLDS roll around Thee, mighty God,
Their course directed by Thy will;
Thou rulest nations' destinies—
Thou makest men Thy plans fulfil.

Now, by Thy grace, we raise our voice
Once more to greet an op'ning year;
How lovely beams the tranquil scene—
O! Lord, how fruitful, bright, and clear.

Religion's votaries protect
Virtue and peace in this blest isle;
Their toil is aided by Thy power—
O'er them Thine angels watch the while.

Ever through life, O! may we feel
The mercy of that blessed love
Which caused Thy spirit to reveal
The joys prepared for saints above.

And ever in devotion's hour,
When most our souls Thy Word adore,
O! let Thy new-creating power
Primeval innocence restore.

So may we raise our minds each year
That here, in trial, we shall spend
Thy grace and glory to revere—
Which time eternal ne'er shall end.

ON TORQUATO TASSO.

"Se in vita il cor misero fue,
Sia lo spirito in morte almen felice."

TASSO.

TASSO, I love to dream thy spirit glideth near,
Watcheth the progress of my Heaven-formed soul,
Giveth me energy to stem the torrent wild—
The world's rude waves, which o'er me darkly roll.

'Tis from thy never-dying verse I fondly gain
That sacred rev'rence of "the word divine"—
That glorious estimate of heavenly power and love,
Which in thy lofty strains supremely shine.

How oft I picture thee, in lonely, pensive mood,
Catching bright inspirations from thy muse—
Seeking, amidst the memory of virtue's flowers,
Fragrance o'er tear-stain'd pages to infuse.

Mortal and erring as thy spirit proved to be,
Yet Jesu o'er it cast a blessed ray,
Which, from the silent horrors of a living grave,
Gleam'd with the light of an eternal day.

Though when thy earthly tyrant set thee free to rove
The haunts where sun-bright joy once o'er thee shone,
Though calmness sweet thy reason then, alas! had lost—
Though all thine early visions then had flown—

Yet, whilst o'er mountains bleak, o'er valleys lone and deep,

Thy restless mind no gentle power could guide,
Yet greater far, amidst thy wretchedness, thou wert
Than thy vain tyrant in his ducal pride.

And now? But shall my feeble hand essay to paint
The pangs oppression vile is doom'd to bear
In that dark region where unceasing tears and sighs
The endless punishment of sins declare?

Ah! no, to thee, fair spirit—thee, I gladly turn,
Sweet Christian poet, whose unclouded fame
Will beam from clime to clime whilst this our sphere
shall last,
For e'en destructive time must spare thy name.

And for thy sorrows pity's gentle tear will fall,
Whilst love shall breathe thy tender, holy lay
Grand as Aurora's scene at beauteous break of dawn—
Soft as the night bird's hymn at close of day.

'TIS SWEET TO BREATHE PURE THOUGHTS.

WHEN, at dawn's first light, we ope our glad eyes,
To welcome bright beams of day,
How sweet 'tis to breathe pure, unreserved thought—
With truth, with fervour to pray.

And when, in the social hour of calm eve,
We rejoice in sweet friendship's tone,
How sweet 'tis to breathe pure, unreserved thought—
Our playful fancies to own.

Oh! it may be wisdom to close the lips,
The speaking eyes, and the heart,
Yet sweet 'tis to breathe pure, unreserved thought,
And every feeling impart.

Ah! why should the veil of secrecy fling
Such sad darkness o'er the mind?
Whilst sweet 'tis to breathe pure, unreserved thought,
And congenial bosoms find.

Though pride, though caution may lecture us oft,
And our converse free may blame,
Yet sweet 'tis to breathe pure, unreserved thought,
Without either sin or shame.

Beware, ye prudent, concealment to teach,
For deceit her cloak soon brings;
Ah! then, let youth breathe pure, unreserved thought—
A sweet charm it o'er them flings.

So merrily ring your youthful chime,
So merrily banish care;
He flies from the voice of pure, lively thought
To silence and sad despair.

ON HUMAN PERCEPTION.

"No man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end."

Ecclesiastes, chap. iii.

GENTLY, ah ! gently touch the string of thought,
And it will sweetly vibrate at thy call—
Will softly rise, with swelling harmony,
Then soothe thine ear with lulling, dying fall !

But when `rude hands too harshly strike the chords,
With sudden clash, too clam'rous, too severe,
Ah ! soon the unison of thought is lost—
The mind's clear sense and judgment disappear.

Weak though the organ be which God hath given
To tune our hearts to lovely wisdom's ways—
To join fair nature in her hymns to Heaven,
And meekly chant our great Redeemer's praise ;

Yet reason may the instrument preserve,
If pride or rashness weaken not each string
With over anxious efforts to be heard,
Whilst to the world they vainly play and sing.

Lord ! Thou dost not permit our thoughts to rise
Above the height Thy mercy doth decree ;
Enough for us Thy wisdom here below
To deeply love, to humbly feel and see !

That whilst we touch the sweetest, highest notes
Our calm yet earnest spirit can attain,
No signal from Thy over-ruling power
May dim the light which beams on us in vain.

I CHASED A BUTTERFLY.

"Do not take life's trials as prepared for you by God's
creatures, but by God Himself."

HON. MRS. NORTON.

I CHASED a butterfly in idle sport,
It led me to a lofty, sacred fane;
Thus humble poesy cull'd fading flowers
Till taught by Heaven bright jewels to attain—
The gems of wisdom, lovely and divine,
Which angels round the brow of faith entwine.

O! sacred, Heaven-born love, on all descend,
Unite the nations with a roseate band;
Then, rugged though earth's many paths may be,
Yet will joy's footstep bound from land to land—
Will reciprocal blessings kindly give,
And spread "The Word" which teacheth how to live.

No more in wretched poverty's mean garb—
No more in ignorance, in savage state,
Discord will proudly raise her snaky crest,
Breathing disdain, wild mirth, or cruel hate;

No longer will the shafts of vengeance fly,
Nor crimson blood of man earth's surface dye.

But through the ambient air then may arise
Harmonious voices, thrilling sounds of love,
And burst of song, spontaneously addressed
In praise, in thanks to the great God above—
Whose pow'r divine no mortal lip can speak,
Though holy rev'rence prompts the spirit weak.

Away, sad thoughts of man's degenerate state,
Away, suspicion dark and abject fear—
Pass through the flood, the tempest, and the flame,
In blessed faith behold thy Saviour near;
Evil doth vanish when the voice of love
Imploresth mercy—reacheth Heaven above.

Oh! not from mortal hand the arrow comes
Which with affliction strikes the trembling heart,
Wounding youth's tend'rest feeling, fairest hope,
And bidding all the soul's bright joy depart.
Yea, but the Power that wounds can surely heal,
And blest are those who God's chastisement feel.

From sorrow's dark abode see love ascend—
Behold the glory of his heavenly way;
Lo! grace and truth, his messengers, attend,
And ope the portals of eternal day;
Whilst contrite spirits join the sacred train,
By Jesu raised from earth's polluting stain.

Salvation's anthem, oh ! ye angels, sing—
Blow the loud trumpet—let the hills resound ;
Praise to the Lord of Lords, the King of Kings,
Let vast creation sweetly breathe around ;
Till with amazement Heaven and earth confess
God's power to punish, pardon, and to bless.

THE HEALING POWER OF GOD'S WORD.

“ Oh ! that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. . . . He sent His word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destruction.”

Psal'm cvii.

FAIR, smiling nature was Clare's only guide,
Whilst pure simplicity, in wild dismay,
Saw the dark forms which superstition drew—
Impeding her—through wisdom's lovely way ;
But, gracious mercy, at her first faint sigh,
A guardian angel sent to hover nigh.

Then oft in silent and in thoughtful hour
“ The Word Divine ” he gently placed in view ;
And by its sacred, brightly glowing power,
The seeds of virtue in her bosom grew—
Whilst ghastly sin's dark visions fled away
Before eternal truth's celestial ray.

O! blessed Jesu, midst temptations dire,
When wily flattery breathed an ardent strain—
When passion urged and treacherous love conspired,
Thy Word, O! Jesu, was not given in vain;
The snares of Satan by that mighty spell,
Like Jericho's proud walls, in ruin fell.

And when, great God, Thy chastening will ordained
Dark visitation on a sinful heart,
The humble mourner touch'd Thy garment, Lord,
Ere Thou from her, unheeding, could'st depart;
Thus still has faith woe's healing balm obtain'd—
Thus peace hath shone whilst sorrow's cup was drain'd.

Yet, Lord, though ev'ry bud of hope be strewn
Scentless and faded on life's dreary way,
Eternal flowers still above do bloom,
And perfume shed o'er those who humbly pray;
Let but Thy grace upon a sinner shine,
And, e'en through deserts, flow bright streams divine.

With lively step and voice, no longer Clare
Bounds o'er the lawn and chants a roundelay—
Lost is the spirit of her cheerful morn—
Lost are the friends who hail'd her "Queen of May;"
Memory, her sole companion, now remains—
Echoes sad sighs, participates keen pains.

The ocean's rolling wave brings gloomy thought,
The cannon's roar a tale of sorrow tells—
Clare views her kindred stretch'd on battle plains,
Sinking midst storms, yet hears no solemn knells;

But requiems sad she fondly loves to sing
At lonely eve, near some soft, murm'ring spring.

Peace to the brave who for their country die,
And hallow'd be the spot where'er they fall :
What though no holy word above them breathe,
Nor o'er them wave a sad funereal pall ;
But mercy's power may their souls upraise
To join the blest in sacred, heavenly praise.

Alas ! poor Clare, her rankling wound still bleeds,
Though time, with lenient hand, subdues its pain—
Though calm religion points to skies serene,
Above the tumult of the restless main—
To shining worlds where faithful hearts ne'er grieve,
Where truth and love their guerdons bright receive.

ON RESIGNATION TO GOD'S DISPENSATIONS.

“ Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
Oh ! give me strength to bear ;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.”

STEELE.

To Thee, all-ruling and all-gracious Lord,
In Christian spirit may we look above ;
Grateful for every blessing we receive,
For every testimony of Thy love.

And shouldst Thou o'er us spread affliction's cloud,
 Dark with the woes humanity must bear,
 O ! give us grace, amidst life's wildest storm,
 The gentle voice of mercy still to hear—

That with devotion pure, with earnest faith,
 We may, in memory sad, Thy cross oft view—
 Conscious Thine agonizing pangs for us
 By daily, hourly sin we still renew ;
 Praying that all-atoning grace may teach
 The will resign'd to Thine we vainly preach.

SONNET.

" Give me the heart that fain would hide—
 Would fain another's faults efface ;
 How can it pleasure human pride
 To prove humanity's but base ?
 No, let us reach a higher mood,
 A nobler estimate of man—
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can."

British Press.

TRUE, " Speak no ill "—it is a rule divine,
 And angels only the pure mandate heed ;
 They think no evil — thus, with spotless lips,
 E'en for the wicked they may gently plead.

But we, poor mortals, whose inconstant hearts
With various feelings in succession glow,
First from the fountain pour a honied stream,
And then with bitterness make it o'erflow.

"Precept on precept, line on line," may teach,
Yet Satan, still unwearied, spreads his net;
And e'en soft charity will oft arise,
With arrogance, our virtue to beset;
But constant prayer, through Christ, may aid the will,
Unbounded love to feel—"to breathe no ill."

THE CHRISTIAN SOUL'S DEPARTURE FROM EARTH.

"Farewell! farewell—a long farewell!
For the things of life are fading from view;
I hail the land where the blessed dwell,
And join the choirs of the just and true."

British Press.

From the o'er-arching Heaven a solemn sound
Descends, O! Lord, the soul to warn away;
On radiant beams of faith, of hope, of love,
Thy mercy guides from hence to endless day!

Yet, ere the soul turns from these changing scenes—
Dear to the stricken, to the joyous heart—
May sweet affection breathe a plaintive sigh,
And may her ties still last though friends depart.

The union, Lord, of happy, virtuous souls,
Where spirits just through Thee are perfect made,
And where with natures holy and divine
The patient and the faithful are array'd ;

That union, Lord, where sin's besetting power
No more, in mist of darkness, shall deceive—
Where Thy bright day-star shineth on the souls
On which Thy heavenly grace and mercy breathe ;

That blessed union, fragrant, healing balm
Of pain, of sorrow, and of care below—
O ! may that union, purified by God,
With everlasting flame in Heaven glow !

Then, farewell, scenes of trial—yet beloved—
Then, farewell, transient scenes ; ye calmly lead
To Sion's mount, where flowers bloom for us
If here on earth we scatter holy seed.

For, lo ! it springs in regions far above—
Regions where virtuous souls in glory shine,
With rays too bright for mortal sight to pierce—
Rays emanating from a Power Divine!

PRAYER FOR TRUST IN A REDEEMING GOD.

"Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Epistle of St. James, chap. i.

O ! LORD, withdraw not my soul's light—withdraw it not
Whilst on this lowly earth I breathe, I move ;
Oh ! not as recompense Thy servant asks this boon,
But as a token of Thy gracious love.

From early life Thy chastisements I've known, I've felt—
From early life my spirit bow'd to Thee ;
And though through pleasure's maze, O ! Lord, I wandered oft,
Yet still I pray'd Thy glorious light to see.

Now age, with pallid cheek, with feeble step and tone,
Warns me that death's unerring dart is near—
Warns me that I must trust in a redeeming God
The agony of life's last pang to bear.

O ! Lord, divine the hope, divine the promise given,
If contrite, godly sorrow move our heart—
If blessed faith unveil the Majesty of Heaven
Ere from this world of trial we depart.

O ! Lord, let us not fear, let us not be dismay'd,
Thy healing springs of mercy never dry ;
Thy lilies and Thy myrtles bloom in deserts wild ;
Thy grace upholds us when we look on high.

Arm of the mighty God, thou art not shortened since
Creation testified thy boundless power—
Since chaos started into glorious light and life—
Since angels' " shout of joy " proclaimed that hour !

Word of our ever blessed Lord, thou are not changed
Since Bethany's fair daughters, pierced with grief,
Wept o'er their brother's grave—in hopeless ignorance
That Christ, all-gracious Christ could give relief !

" Where have ye laid him ? " said our great, our sorrow-
ing Lord,
" Take ye away the stone—God's glory see ;"
Then with a son'rous voice He cried—" Lazarus, come
forth !"
Lo ! at that word, in grave-clothes bound, came he.

Believer, humbly, then, entreat thy gracious God
With daily prayer, with penitence sincere ;
And, glorying in thy faith, before a sinful world
God's grace proclaim, devoid of mortal fear.

THOUGHTS ON MAY MORNING.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him
while He is near."

Isaiah, chap. lv.

AH ! shall I say my May hath past
 Whilst God to me such comfort gives ?
Ah ! shall I say my May hath past
 Whilst faith divine within me lives ?

Though bright my May of early youth
 With joy, with hope, with peaceful love,
Yet not so bright as now, O ! Lord,
 With glorious visions from above.

In vain the vapours of the earth
 Arise, with aspect dark and drear ;
Inspired by faith in Thee, O ! God,
 All earthly terrors disappear.

With reason, sight, and holy love
 My hours below to bless and cheer,
Ah ! can I say my May hath past
 With flowers so lovely blooming here ?

Cherish, O ! Lord, within my heart,
 Contentment's sweet, refreshing dew,
To raise the sickly plant of hope,
 And deck it with a heavenly hue.

The treasures of Thy sacred love
Let me rehearse with my last breath,
Each mortal passion to subdue,
And lull the agony of death.

Then will a May eternal dawn,
Upon my blest, enraptured sight,
Whilst clothed with holiness and peace,
I bend before the Lord of light !

THE MONITOR AND THE CONFESSION.

"Thus saith the high and lofty One—I will not contend for ever, neither will I be always wroth ; for the spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made."

Isaiah, chap. lvii.

WHAT hast thou done on earth—or good, or bad ?
Consider well the past, and then reply ;
So mayst thou root out deeply-buried sin—
Buried to all but God's heart-piercing eye.

"A gentle nature—loving and sincere—
Springs up from memory's dark and gloomy cell ;
Nurtured by fondness, and by flattery led,
That simple nature loved this world too well.

"'Tis true some heavenly rays illumed her mind,
And thought—deep thought was early planted there;
But she was left to cull each transient flower,
Attracted only by the bright and fair.

"Time pass'd, with countless errors in his train,
Whilst love, insidious, never left her breast;
With smiles, with tears he wiled her hours away—
Tormenting ever—yet admired, caress'd."

List to thy monitor—to conscience, list !
Let love still nestle in his warm abode,
No longer seeking homage from the world—
No longer changing with each fickle mode ;

But, sweetly linked with steadfast faith and hope,
Love, without folly, will thy footsteps guide
To scenes where smiling peace and virtue rest—
To mansions where true joys, true hearts reside.

A THANKSGIVING FOR GOD'S MERCY.

"Calm are the resolves of a sincerely contrite spirit—devout
are the aspirations of a truly Heaven-seeking life."

C. V. C.

HAD I the power to raise my thoughts on high,
To contemplate the mercy I adore,
Warm from my heart a strain of lively praise
Sweet love and gratitude would gladly pour.

Blooming around me nature spreads her charms—
The fragrance of the garden, of the field,
The wonders of the ocean, of the sky,
Unbounded joy and admiration yield.

At every step, at every glance I view
God's majesty—all-gracious, all-divine ;
Inhabitants of earth, of sea, of air,
To speak His power, His glory, all combine.

Never, O ! never may the lofty theme
In silence rest, whilst life to me is given ;
May my last breath redeeming love proclaim,
Whilst holy faith conveys that breath to Heaven.

A DESIRE TO FLY FROM THE VANITIES OF
THIS WORLD.

“Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward. I
would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause.”

Job, chap. v.

Come, let us soar where roses never fade,
Where voices—Heaven-tuned voices never tire,
Where peace and joy resound God's sacred praise
On lively viol, and on sweet-toned lyre.
Come, soar where fragrant zephyrs breathe serene,
Where light eternal gilds the brilliant scene.

O ! leave the sad variety of pain
Which gentle nature suffers here below ;
Leave dark ingratitude, leave pining care,
Leave falsehood base, leave treachery and woe ;
O ! leave this erring world without regret—
Its vain allurements we shall soon forget.

Lo ! brightly beaming in a heavenly sphere,
Knowledge and virtue will our souls inspire
With angel attributes, divinely clear,
To soar above terrestrial, mean desire :
Fair mercy will God's mysteries unfold,
Bliss to conceive, and Heaven to behold !

THE PLEASURE OF RELIGIOUS CONTEM- PLATION.

"Thou, O ! Lord, wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind
is stayed on Thee ; because he trusteth in Thee."

Isaiah, chap. xxvi.

SWEET is the breath of evening calm,
When the sun fades from the scene—
When a gentle moon and quiet stars
Teach the heart to be serene.

The stormy passions to subdue,
And to soften sorrow's pain,
Bright reason to enthrone in the mind,
To secure her godly reign ;

Religion must exert that power
Which raiseth the soul on high,
Above those vain, those earthly cares
Which human wisdom can defy.

Then, contemplation, waft me oft
To holy, blessed realms above,
Where souls congenial rest in perfect peace,
Beside unfailing streams of joy and love.

THOUGH THE BLOOM OF YOUTH BE O'ER.

AIR,—“ *La Biondina in Gondoletta.*”

THOUGH the bloom of youth be o'er, love,
Though sweet smiles have ceased to charm,
Yet still fondly look on her, love,
Who once could grief disarm ;
When keen misfortune's arrows
Are aimed at your sad breast,
Remember, oh ! remember
Where your heart alone can rest.

Though other smiles now bless you,
And though other words now please,
Yet still hearken with affection
To the lips that ne'er deceive ;
When age and gloomy sorrow
Shall darken every hour,
Will light dance and joyous song, love,
Bring back joy to your lone bower ?

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

SPIRIT of song, when first your gentle voice
Breathes, sweetly breathes upon the list'ning ear
Some simple tale of tender love and true,
Varied with incidents of hope and fear—
Then from the bosom sighs of pleasure rise,
And wily love secures his easy prize.

Moments, how sweet, in silent reverie pass,
And days and years, with flattering hope in view,
Till mournful cypress waves its branches dark—
Shading each spot where lovely heart's-ease grew ;
Spirit of song, alas ! how changed your tone
From joy's wild burst to sorrow's tedious moan.

And is it thus your votaries ye leave,
Lovely inspirer of the youthful dream,
When grave experience teacheth—truth severe—
That hearts are seldom what they fain would seem?
Ah! me, bright spirit, hover o'er my head
Till the last feeble breath of life hath fled.

CONFIDENCE IN REDEEMING LOVE.

"Sing, O! Heavens; and be joyful, O! earth; and break forth
into singing, O! mountains; for the Lord hath comforted His
people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted."

Isaiah, chap. xlix.

AWAY! ye dark and dreary thoughts, away,
How long shall mercy—gracious mercy beam in vain?
How long shall discontent's unholy tone
Murmur each cause of sorrow o'er and o'er again?

List to sweet nature's glorious spring-tide hymn,
Breathing thy great Creator's sacred praise around;
List to the voice that riseth from thy soul—
"Go, mourner, seek for comfort where it shall be
found."

O! Lord, with chastened heart, with humble mind,
Thy contrite servant bends to Thine Almighty will;
Take, then, ah! take each cherish'd gift away—
Enough for me the spirit to adore Thee still.

Bright morn arises—scatters dark'ning clouds,
Reveals the brilliant orb—the majesty of day ;
Thus o'er the sorrowing heart Thy mercy sheds
Devout religion's sacred, pure, eternal ray.

Hark, hark ! the saintly, Heaven-tuned harps of old,
By inspiration touch'd with gifted, powerful hand,
Brings New Jerusalem to our glad view,
Vouchsafed, like Moses, to behold the promised land.

Alas ! our days on earth are shadows all :
Shall they not teach us, utter words our hearts to move ?
Bid us “ not grope in noonday, as in night,”
Whilst revelation lights our path with holy love.

O ! enter not in judgment with me, Lord,
Thou know'st whereof Thy servant's soul is made ;
Are dust and ashes clean in Heaven's sight ?
May I look up to Thee nor be, great God, afraid ?

Yes ! I may smite upon my breast, and say—
“Thy gracious mercy, Lord, redeem'd my contrite
heart—
Will plead my cause in that tremendous day,
When sin and sorrow shall from Thy blest light
depart.”

IN SPIRIT HUMBLE.

"I turned myself to behold wisdom, and madness, and folly.
. . . . Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as
light excelleth darkness."

Ecclesiastes, chap. ii.

In spirit humble, yet serene,
I feel, I own God's mighty sway ;
He giveth intellect to man,
He quencheth reason's precious ray ;
And who shall question His decree ?
Can dust His wondrous wisdom see ?

Then, O ! my soul, with love, with fear,
The sacred gems of mind employ ;
Let them not deck an object vain—
A worthless, transitory toy.
The talent which thy Lord hath given,
Oh ! may it prove a key to Heaven.

Let me not, Lord, pervert the gifts
Thy gracious mercy doth bestow,
But with devoted rev'rence seek
Thy sanctifying will to know ;
Then may " the pearl of price " be mine—
Thy shining grace that pearl divine.

No more shall I dejected view
The thorns which in my path arise,
And turn from Heaven's appointed way
To gain some dazzling worldly prize ;

Jesu my guiding star shall be—
From mazes dark He'll rescue me.

Soon may the song of love and joy,
Which flow'ry, smiling spring revives,
Pour that soft peace into my heart—
The peace all other joy denies ;
And led by nature to God's shrine,
Oh ! may I breathe His praise divine,
And never, never more repine.

ON THE DEATH OF "THE MINSTREL OF
ERIN," THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

"If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O ! Lord, who shall stand."

Psalm cxxx.

BRIGHT as the beams which fancy shed around thee
When youth illumed thy sparkling eyes and mind,
Sweet as the melody thy voice created,
With magic lyre and poesy combined—
Thus bright, thus sweet, thy requiem, Moore, should
flow ;
But where's the soul can with such rapture glow ?

Come, winged warblers, come, with softest carol—
 Come, angels fair, with life-awakening strain;
 Ye, ye alone can soothe our heartfelt sorrow
 We ne'er shall hear so sweet a bard again.
 Methinks the sacred choirs with gentle love
 Thy spirit welcomed to bright realms above;
 For thee may Heaven eternal joy decree,
 And mercy smile upon thy minstrelsy.

O! HAE YE SEEN THE WHITE, WHITE ROSE?

AIR—"O! my love's like a red, red rose."

O! HAE ye seen the white, white rose
 That blooms sae fresh and fair?
 O! hae ye seen the white, white rose,
 The pride of our *parterre*?
 I found it on a lonely brae,
 Bending with dew-drops bright,
 But soon it raised its bonny sel,
 And oped its petals white.

O! hae ye seen the white, white rose
 That blooms sae fresh and fair?
 O! hae ye seen the white, white rose,
 The pride of our *parterre*?

Hark, hark, a bonnie laverock sings
Aboon the glintin flower ;
But, oh ! to tune its loveliness
Would sairly task his power.

O ! hae ye seen the white, white rose
That blooms sae fresh and fair ?
O ! hae ye seen the white, white rose,
The pride of our *parterre* ?
Soon may its peerless blossoms grace
Each lassie blithe and fair—
May Gallia love to see them weave
Her rose beyond compare.

ON REDEEMING LOVE.

"For thus saith the Lord God, 'Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out . . . from all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.'"

Ezekiel, chap. xxxiv.

I droop, I faint—loved poesy, farewell—
No more thy magic can around me bring
The sweetly gentle smiles, the tender sighs,
That tuned my voice in plaintive mood to sing.

Beyond the grave, on azure wings, bright hope
Directs my orisons in faith to rise,
To tremble not though sin impede the way—
Though Satan raise his banner to the skies.

For mercy loosens every earthly tie
That binds a soul elected by God's grace,
Anoints the spirit with restoring balm,
And bids sad mem'ry bitter woes efface ;
Fair angels breathe salvation's hymn divine,
Whilst o'er repentance Heaven's bright glories shine.

THE TWO PATHS.

FAIR and fresh was his sun-bright face,
Sweet the tone of his winning voice,
His every action—every word—
Gaily utter'd " Rejoice, rejoice !"

Thus I left him, in manhood's prime,
With fortune pointing out his way—
Left him, alas ! with heartfelt sighs,
Weeping to part—trembling to stay.

Life to me, like an April morn,
Hath sometimes lower'd, hath sometimes shone ;
Yet often o'er my varied path
Contentment's smile hath cheer'd me on.

But, oh ! far brighter scenes he trod,
With beauty beaming at his side,
Fame, aloud his name proclaiming,
And not one worldly gift denied.

Ah ! then, in solitude I thought,
 " He shines a beauteous, living star ;
His rays shall warm, shall gladden me,
 'Tis sweet to feel them—though afar.

" But we shall never meet again !"—
 Yet something whispered in my ear—
" Keep the path of virtue and truth,
 For I, my love, will join you there."

Shall we meet ? Alas ! I know not,
 Pity weeps such ties to sever ;
If not on earth—oh ! yet, in Heaven
 May we dwell serene for ever.

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

"——— That smile, that voice,
 Those words so sweetly spoken,
Are treasured with my spirit gems—
 A never-dying token."

THINK not I mourn that here on earth
 Communion sweet I ne'er shall know
With thy pure spirit, which hath flown
 To light eternal from dark shades below.

Dazzling to me thy glory bright
In nightly vision oft appears—
When, waking with supreme delight
I find mine eyes bedew'd with tears.

Oh! then a lovely song of peace
Pours o'er my soul reviving joy,
Whilst praise—salvation's praise divine
In God's own words my lips employ—
“Not to the wise, O! Lord of Heaven,
But unto babes is knowledge given.”

SHE LEFT HER BABE.

“Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not
have compassion on the son of her womb?”

Isaiah, chap. xlix.

SHE left her babe, the cherub fair,
Who to her bosom clung,
Whose first sweet accents gently lisp'd
From an unsullied tongue—

Whose intellect in brightness shone
Through every smiling hour,
Like sunlit dew-drop on the bud
Of lovely perfumed flower.

She left her babe affliction's bread
To taste with many fears—
To pass life's early, angel days
In bitter sobs and tears.

She left her charge, by God ordain'd
A soul to guide above—
To nurture wisdom, holy faith,
Pure, sacred truth and love.

Can sweet, maternal fondness yield
To gain, alluring gain,
Unmindful of fair virtue's call,
A helpless babe to train?

Can gold in future years bestow'd
Compense for want of care,
When midst the goodly seed of youth
Dark, venom'd weeds appear?

Pause, parents, pause, before ye place
The charge in heedless hands—
The charge of an immortal soul—
The charge to you by Heaven decreed,
Which watchful care demands.

OMNIPOTENCE.

“O! God, Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known.”

Psalm lxxvii.

YE brilliant orbs, which silently pursue
The course directed by your Maker's hand ;
Ye countless myriads, sporting in the beams
Which scatter light and life upon our land.

Surpassing human thought—the great, the small—
Alike inspiring reverence and love ;
Teaching “God's image” here below to bend
In adoration of his Lord above.

Oh ! where shall mortal wisdom find a clue
To nature's labyrinth—mystical, profound ?
Say, shall he seek it in the viewless air,
In ocean's depth, or in the earth around ?

Unsearchable, O ! Lord, Thy will, Thy ways,
Thou hast no counsellor, Thou hast no guide ;
Thy spirit knoweth all things—judgeth all —
How vain the littleness of human pride.

For every soul is subject to Thy power—
Thou canst destroy, O ! God, and Thou canst
save ;
Thy fearful wrath may close the gates of death,
Thy mercy may redeem us from the grave.

Like as the hart clear, flowing streams doth seek,
And as the lark drops joyful in his nest,
So may we love to wash in water pure—
So may we on Thy grace divinely rest.

And like as chaff, O ! Lord, before the wind,
So may Thy mercy chase away our sin ;
Pluck the deep root of evil from our hearts,
And plant Thy blessed, holy Word within.

THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

“Heaven and earth shall pass away : but my words shall not pass away.”

St. Mark, chap. xiii.

A GENTLE light now breaks upon our path,
Cheering the gloomy aspect of life's way ;
Dispersing anxious thought and sullen care
With the sweet promise of a fairer day.

Like the bright clearing of an April morn,
Inviting buds to open, birds to sing,
And raising every fragile, blighted flower
With the soft fanning of hope's airy wing.

Whence comes this pure, this ever blessed light—
Bright'ning the dark recesses of our mind,
And casting vital heat within our heart,
On those good seeds which love and mercy find ?

Lord, from the beams of Thy resplendent Word
Those glorious rays upon Thy servants shine,
Raising our being by almighty love,
And by Heaven's teaching, gracious and divine.

Array'd with holy purity and faith,
Our Lord's eternal kingdom may we seek ;
Breathing repentance of our earthly sins,
With spirit humble, sorrowful, and meek.

Praying, O ! God, for Thine exceeding grace,
To gather and to scatter fruitful seed ;
Relying on Thy succour in that hour
When most our sinful souls shall mercy need.

ON LOVE.

I SING of love, sweet love, whom poets prize—
Him, of the ruby lips and bandaged eyes ;
Whose vengeful arrows pierce the heedless heart,
Which rankles and which bleeds till life depart :
Love, ever sportive, ever on the wing,
And fickle as the smile, the tear of spring ;
Now thorns, now roses, wildly scattering oft
On swain's lone path, on maiden's bosom soft ;
Yet, sometimes weary of such frolic play,
Disposed to follow wisdom's silent way,

Gladly escapes from folly for awhile,
'Mid rural shades his moments to beguile ;
And there, delighted with some simple pair,
With them he roves—partakes their humble fare,
Lists to the gentle music of the grove,
And owns devotion, the pure soul of love.

EPITAPH.

O ! LORD, a contrite spirit to Thy Throne
Will now, with deep humility, ascend ;
Though joy amidst Thy angels may be found,
Yet here, alas ! we mourn a faithful friend.

ON PROVIDENTIAL MERCY.

THERE was a time—a calm, though melancholy time
When every tuneful, solitary bird's lament—
When every sadly falling leaf, or murmuring stream,
Sighs from my heart and tremour to my bosom sent ;
Yet, dissipated with the glaring world's bright scenes,
And by an innate, gladsome, soul-enlivening ray,
Just like dark, shady clouds across a sun-lit wave,
Thus quickly o'er my brow passed gloomy thoughts
away ;

But, gracious Lord, unmindful of the boon conferred—
The boon which may have saved from madness or
despair,
I sipp'd the bitter cup, and quaff'd the honied bowl,
Heedless—ah ! me, too heedless—of Thy heavenly
care.
For then, indeed, I had not witness'd, had not known
A mind whence reason's shafts had all quite wildly flown.

THE GOD OF NATURE WILL INSTRUCT THE
HUMBLE.

"He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool : but whoso
walketh wisely, he shall be delivered."

Proverbs, chap. xxviii.

GREAT God of mercy oft, in early youth,
My soul instinctively to Thee would rise ;
And lonely once, amidst the forest shade,
Nature's strange dictate filled with tears mine
eyes.

"Alas !" I sighing said, " No joy is here,
My dreaded presence chaseth it away,
The tuneful birds desert each leafy tree,
And cease their lively, their harmonious lay.

“ See, to its covert every gentle fawn—
See, every timid hare, affrighted, flies;
Each bee forsakes the sweetly-scented thyme—
Each grasshopper, with wing extended, hies.

“ Am I so hated, Lord, by woodland tribe—
Is cruelty so on my looks imprest,
That no fond creature ventures to my side,
Or on my faithful bosom sinks to rest ?”

Just as I spoke, a tired, limping hound,
By the swift-footed pack left far behind,
Came joyful, eager, crouching to my feet,
With the caressing fondness of his kind.

“ O ! God,” I then exclaimed—“ Forgive my sin,
Pardon the wretched murmurs of my heart ;
This dog, the faithful friend of all mankind,
Hath taught me, Lord, to feel how good Thou
art.”

ON DISOBEDIENCE.

STERN disobedience—man’s first awful crime—
Clear to the eye of faith thy form appears ;
Weaving round human hearts and minds firm ties,
Which cruel sin, with stratagem, prepares ;

Alas ! deep guilt, how sadly hast thou changed
 The look of innocence, the happy smile,
 That brightly beamed upon fair Eden's flowers,
 As gay, as blooming, whilst undimmed by guile.
 Now, toiling midst dark scenes of care and woe,
 Rebellion's offspring turbulently rove,
 Still interrupting calm and gentle peace,
 Ensnaring spotless truth and timid love;
 But know, proud disobedience, Christ ordains
 Thee, thee to bind in everlasting chains.

STANZAS TO THE AUTHOR OF "STAND,
 LIKE AN ANVIL."

"I, by the Lord of Heaven's ordination, sent messengers
 with words of peace."

Deuteronomy, chap. ii.

Who art thou, lovely moralist,
 Whose numbers touch within my breast
 A chord that wakens pensive strains,
 Whilst weary mortals sink to rest?

A whispering angel thou, and sent
 My gentle monitor to be ;
 Oft breathing wisdom's sacred lore,
 Enlightening oft dark mystery.

Now, now on earth I see ye tread,
 Now, now o'er clouds I see ye rise ;
 Whilst airy fancy droops her wing
 Ye dart beyond the starry skies.

Return once more, and guide my steps
 Through many a path with danger fraught ;
 O ! raise my soul above this sphere,
 By calm, inspired, holy thought.

With immortality in view,
 Together may we take our flight,
 Imploring Jesu's gracious aid,
 Rejoicing in His blessed light.

EARLY LOVE.

"Think of me still, as when we, too,
 Mused sweet thoughts—adieu, adieu !"

British Press.

AH ! well I know the tender bud
 Of early love can never die—
 It flourisheth within the heart
 Whilst other blossoms with'ring lie ;
 And in each dreary hour of pain
 It seems to whisper this sweet strain—
 "Think of the loving heart and true
 That breathed, with sighs, adieu, adieu !"

The rose upon the bush grows pale
And faded leaves beneath it fall—
The songsters gay forsake the grove,
Nor heed their birdlings' timid call ;
But early love, in joy, in pain,
Still seems to whisper this fond strain—
" Think of the ardent heart and true
That breathed, with sighs, adieu, adieu !"

Though snow of age upon the brow
May gloomy, stern, and cold appear,
Yet memory of early love
Can thaw the ice collected there ;
Warmly the bosom glows again
Whilst Cupid murmurs this soft strain—
" Think of the loving heart and true
That wrote, with sighs, adieu, adieu !"

THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

" Every word of God is pure. He is a shield unto them that
put their trust in Him."

Proverbs, chap. xxx.

THERE is a shield—an everlasting shield,
Fair virtue to protect in danger's hour ;
Lo ! Satan falls before that mighty shield—
Struck by its brightness, by its heavenly power.

Religion's offspring wear this holy shield,
Which blessed faith, by grace divine, bestows ;
Then calmly they encounter every sin,
Secure to conquer all their treach'rous foes.

Arm'd, bravely arm'd with this eternal shield
No worldly weapon can their bosoms pierce ;
They smile serenely at loud discord's din— .
They smile when wicked men look proud and fierce.
Britain, my country, guard this sacred shield—
The glorious standard of your battle-field.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

“ That power which to man is given,
To leave on earth one trace of Heaven,
To cheer in toil, and care, and strife,
To brighten all our mortal life ;
To check our sighs, and dry our tears,
And chase away our craven fears,
And whisper, ‘ There is hope above,
For love is Heaven, and God is love.’ ”

British Press.

OH ! say, what earthly music wafts the soul to Heaven,
Divinely soaring with calm peace above,
’Midst gentle zephyrs, breathing nature’s sweetness ?
Ah ! me, that music is the voice of love.

It whispers prayers to innocence, reposing
In loveliness upon a mother's breast,
Whilst angels, hov'ring silently around her,
Fan the fair babe with their soft wings to rest.

That soothing voice, when anger fiercely rageth,
Like David's harp, can charm the troubled soul ;
Can lull the furious passions by its calmness—
Their force subsiding like a billow's roll.

And, oh ! that voice, when pallid sickness lyeth
Upon a weary couch of pain and grief ;
That never-failing voice of heavenly comfort,
Joins with religion to afford relief.
Then breathe, ye nations—breathe that holy, blessed
tone,
And God, all-gracious God, will claim ye for His own.

THE EVER-BLOOMING FLOWER OF HOPE.

"Blessed be thou of the Lord, for thou hast shewed more
kindness in the latter end than at the beginning."

Ruth, chap. iii.

O ! LORD, through life my cherish'd buds of hope
Have faded, fallen to decay ;
One blossom of that sweetly cheering plant
Alone hath gladden'd my sad way.

I found it in a garden, mean—though neat—
And would have heedless pass'd it by,
But, sighing o'er a flower with scatter'd leaves,
This humble bud I chanced t' espy.

Blown by a gentle breeze, it touch'd my hand—
I paused—I placed it on my breast;
Directed by the gracious will of Heaven
To give that throbbing bosom rest.

Wand'ring through life's intricate, unknown path
My never-changing, lovely flower
Opens its dewy leaves, with fragrance pure,
In joy or sorrow's passing hour.

Time, with his ever-moving wing, flits by,
But toucheth not my earthly prize,
For God upon it poured a living stream
Which time's destructive power defies.

Around this much-loved isle where now I roam
Faith guides me with a care divine,
The flower of hope still blooming on my breast,
Eager with heart's-ease to entwine.

Thus cherished—thus removed from guilt, from pain,
Receive my homage, Lord of Heaven;
And as my fellow-creatures I forgive,
So may my errors be forgiven.

THE CHARMS OF VIRTUOUS AGE.

"Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and forget not all His benefits.
 Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord
pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame: He
remembereth that we are dust."

Psalm ciii.

THY silver locks, to me how dear
I cannot well express,
They prove our constancy, our truth—
Sweet ties which Heaven doth bless;
Thy wavy curls of youthful hair
Were not, my love, as bright, as fair.

And, oh! the glances of calm age—
So passionless, so kind—
What tender tales of lasting love
Those glances bring to mind;
I look on them, and cease to prize
The former brightness of thine eyes.

That voice—that son'rous, manly voice,
Which breathes a pious air,
And wisdom teacheth from the Book
Which Christians hold most dear;
Can brilliant cadence, rich and rare,
With such mellifluous tones compare?

Ye rays divine of holy love,
That teach the heart to glow
For others' care, for others' pain,
For silent tears of woe—

Direct, O ! Lord, those blessed rays
To beam upon our latter days.

And when the song of joy no more
Our dull, cold ear shall please,
When contemplation's placid charm
Alone shall give us ease—
Ah ! then those locks of silver gray
May seem, in solemn mood, to say—
“ Behold, the hand of God above
Hath ta'en our gold, but left our love.”

CONSOLATION FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

“ Which are able to make us wise unto salvation, through
faith which is in Christ Jesus.”

2nd Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, chap. iii.

UPON a bank of ever-blooming flowers
I fain would rest my aged head,
A gentle perfume o'er my waning days—
My peaceful, latter days to shed.

These sacred flowers, O ! Lord, I'd humbly glean
From Thy all-gracious Word divine ;
They breathe a spirit pure within my breast,
And my weak heart to Thee incline.

They soothe all sadness, heal the wounds of time,
And meekly lift my soul above,
To view, through faith, Thy glorious majesty—
Thy precious gifts of endless love.

By Jordan's stream, or on fair Sion's mount,
Calmly I'd cull these gems sublime,
To shine upon the darkness of my soul—
To animate my feeble rhyme;

To warm devotion with a gentle flame,
Whilst age is coldly stealing o'er
The heart—the mind, which once aspiring sought
Amid God's chosen to adore.

I, wond'ring, look upon the lofty sky,
And think beneath this very sun
Our holy Saviour taught us how to pray—
To softly breathe "God's will be done."

The marriage festival, with grace supreme,
By His first miracle was blest;
Benignly changing water into wine
He thus on earth His power confest.

'Twas here our Saviour made the dumb to speak,
The lame to walk, the blind to see,
And to the faithful, the repentant, said—
"Go, go in peace, I set ye free."

Drop down, ye heavens, and let the skies pour forth
A hymn celestial—worthy Thee !
Whose mighty wisdom ruleth worlds beyond
Our marvellous earth, our foaming sea.

Shall I, great God, upon a broken reed
Thy glorious praise presume to sound ?
Thy praise—Thy wondrous, everlasting praise,
Which all creation breathes around ?

THE RAY THAT GILDS THE GRAVE.

“When the Almighty giveth quietness, who then can make
trouble ?”

Job, chap. xxxiv.

THE energy of live is o'er—
The spirit-stirring power—
The lightsome dance and joyous laugh,
Which charm'd each fleeting hour.

No more in sportive bands we meet
O'er hill and vale to roam,
But linger 'neath our arbour's shade,
Or near our quiet home ;

And converse in the twilight hour,
Or gentle hymn of praise,
A livelier joy within our hearts
Than mirth or song can raise.

Calmly we view life's busy scene—
The striving, oft in vain,
A title, power, and rich demesne
By art or toil to gain.

O'er land o'er sea, in venture brave,
Bold traffic they pursue—
Midst storms, midst wrecks, a guiding hand
Points to sweet hope in view.

And, oh! to us that gracious hand
A fruitful vale now shows,
Where, shelter'd by a spreading vine,
In peace we may repose.

Happy the age, the virtuous age,
Which, led by truth sincere,
Through dreary, dark, and thorny ways,
Advanceth without fear—

Ever relying on the aid
Of Providence above,
Who spreadeth light upon the path
Of holiness and love.

Teach us, oh ! Lord, our time to gild
With Thy bright, golden rays,
In peace descending to the grave
When Thou shalt close our days.

“ THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.”

“There is none righteous, no, not one; . . . therefore
we conclude that a man is justified by faith in Christ Jesus.”

St. Paul to the Romans, chap. iii.

O ! voice sublime, from the bright vault of Heaven
Ye breathe a strain so dulcet, so divine—
Ye raise my thoughts from gloomy scenes around,
And love and joy with pious hope combine.

Say, hath a gentle, uncomplaining tear—
Say, hath a tender sigh from mortal breast,
Kind mercy soften'd, thus o'er me to pour
The melody celestial of the blest ?

I feel, I feel the soft, angelic power
Of harmony devout within my heart ;
I list with rapture to the heav'nly sounds,
And fain my feeble sighs would bear a part.

Lord, though affliction's waters I partake—
Though bitter bread my portion yet may be,
Remove not Thou, my teacher, gracious Lord—
Ordain "The still, small voice" to govern me.

Bright and refreshing as the early dew,
In summer's parching heat, on fragile flower,
Thus shines pure conscience o'er the gentle mind
Invigorated by celestial power.

Breathe, breathe, then, voice beloved, your soothing lay
When angry passion, with discordant tone,
Would drive the timid, flutt'ring bird away
Which, from sweet childhood, I have call'd "my own."

"My peaceful dove," indulgent gift of Heaven—
Emblem of purity, of constant love,
Murm'ring to conscience "Sin will be forgiven
If faith divinely soar and calmly rest, dove-like, on
Christ above."

THE VIOLET'S LAST SIGH.

HUMBLE though the violet be
She will raise her tiny eye
And sing—"No dust shall cover me,
I, loved star, shall never die
Whilst thy warm rays, which o'er my destiny hath shone,
Still mark the lowly flower—still claim her as thine own.

" Now, dew, bright dew—my leaves adorn,
 I no longer am forlorn ;
 See, see I joyous cast around
 Fragrance from my seat, the ground,
 Whilst on my proud, my happy breast
 Thy pure beams divinely rest—
 Whilst warbling heavenly from thy lofty, brilliant sphere,
 Thy voice—thy well-remember'd voice again I hear.

" Oh ! do not cease thy charming lay
 Through sunny or through cloudy day,
 In summer warm, in winter cold—
 Though faded leaves thy flower unfold
 Still be thy tender love-tale told,
 Whilst all the list'ning earth and smiling Heaven above
 Shall wonder at the constancy of our pure love."

O! LORD, "THY WILL BE DONE."

"Jesus cried and said, ... He that rejecteth me,
 and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him : the word
 that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

St. John, chap. xii.

ARISE ! arise, from darkness and from woe,
 Pass through the grave to scenes of dazzling light,
 Lo ! mercy waits, rejoicing, at that fount
 Whence living waters flow from glory bright.

O ! tremble not thy Saviour to behold,
For thee He suffer'd earthly grief and pain ;
For thee, alas ! rejected and despised—
For thee He sought lost Eden to regain.

Mystery divine, His sacred life unfolds
To humble piety, to faith sincere ;
Away, ye scoffers, pride will be brought low
When Christ in majesty shall re-appear.

Clouds may arise, may dim a holy path,
And storms may shatter many a goodly tree,
Yet will the faithful heart rely on God,
And to His altar will for refuge flee.

Then let thy soul be perfect with the Lord,
Walk in His statutes—to His judgments bend ;
Lift up thine eyes with steadfast, humble faith,
Though good or evil He vouchsafes to send.

O ! Lord “ Thy will be done ” in worlds around,
Thy gracious will is holiness, is love ;
Sing, nations, sing this universal hymn,
To Father, Son, and sacred Spirit above.
May guardian angels, hovering o'er each sphere,
Teach savage lands our God to love and fear.

MY PULSE WAS FAINT.

"Great men are not always wise. . . . There is a spirit in man : and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

Job, chap. xxxii.

My pulse was faint, and now it wildly throbs—
My heart was cold, and now it warmly glows ;
Touched by the poet's overcoming power,
My soul responds unto his joys, his woes.

Must sorrow, bitter sorrow, be the lot
Of sentiment refined in every age ?
Must genius soar beyond the fleecy clouds,
Alone to cast dark shadows o'er his page ?

His page of varied feeling—varied tone—
Now breathing worldly strife, now holy love ;
Now sinking low amidst unhallow'd graves,
Now rising high amidst bright spheres above.

O ! Lord, Thy servant's muse to no extreme
Of passion's startling phrenzy would aspire ;
Her aim alone to chant Thy name with awe—
To kindle mild religion's sacred fire.

Ye blessed spirits, ye harmonious choir,
O ! charm the watchers of her sleepless night ;
Cast o'er her, in death's fearful, solemn hour,
The glorious splendour of her Saviour's light.

THE TRIUMPHANT CHANT OF UNITED GAUL
AND BRITAIN.

AIR,—“ *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.*”

GLORY waves her banner high—
See, it flutters in the sky ;
Religion calls—we must comply,
Gird our swords, and say—
“ Behold, behold each coward slave
Shrinks before the nobly brave,
Dreads the sword and dreads the grave—
Freedom's name denies.”

Seize the traitor in his flight,
Teach him Gauls and Britons fight
To secure their country's right—
To banish every foe.
Victory their arms shall crown,
Superstition they'll put down—
Her idols greet with deadly frown,
And mean craft subdue.

Then before their God they'll kneel,
Bless the power which made them feel
Their country's voice, their country's weal—

Disdain for all her foes.

Huzza! huzza! the deed is done,
Glory rises like a sun,
Shines upon the conflict won—
The triumph of the brave.

THE END.







